

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,528

MARCH 11, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, MARCH 11, 1899



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

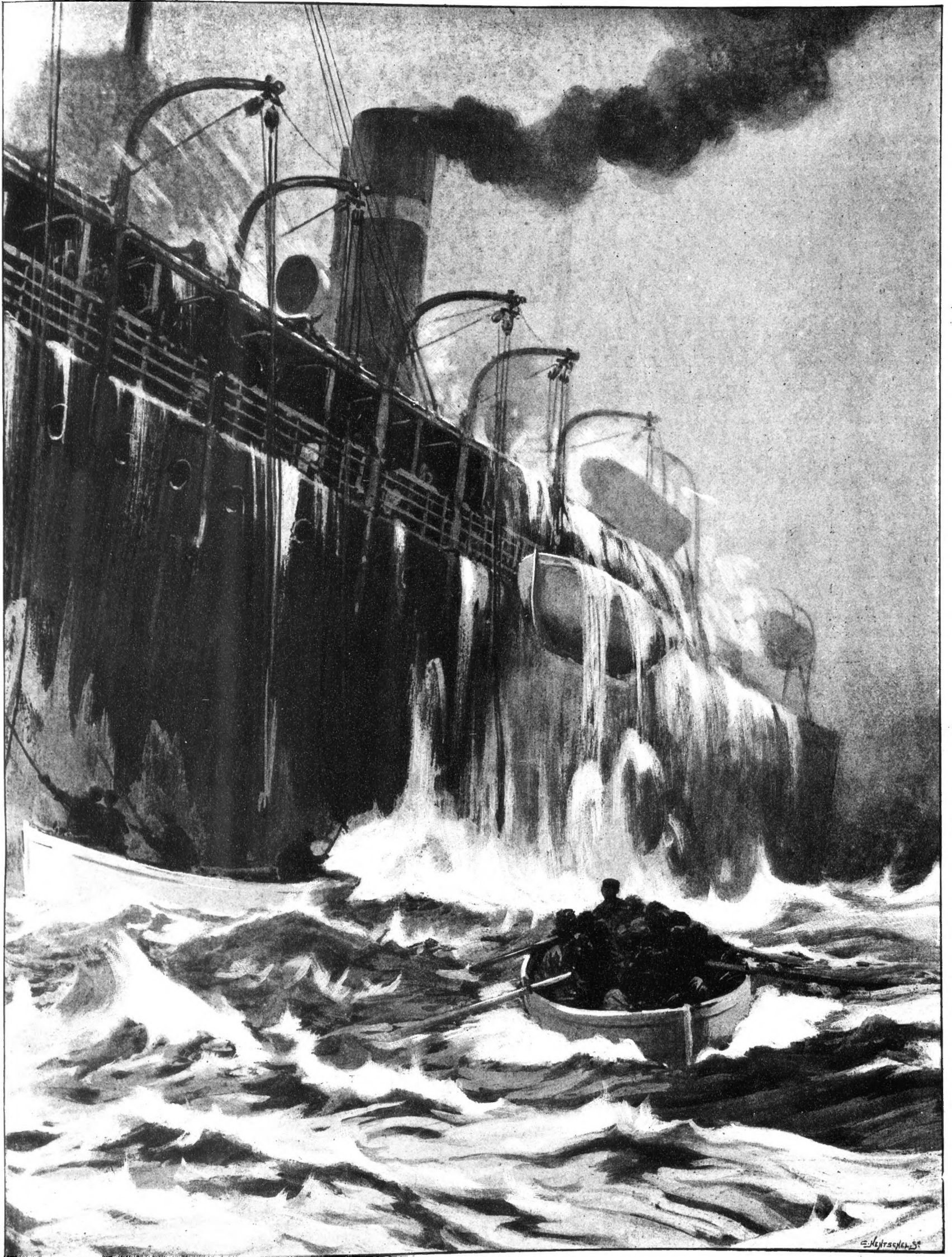
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,528—Vol. LIX. ] EDITION  
Registered as a Newspaper ] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899

WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT  
"Highland Dogs"

[PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.]



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY PASSENGERS.

THE DOMINION LINE ROYAL S.S. "LABRADOR" ON THE MACKENZIE ROCK: RESCUING THE PASSENGERS  
THE WRECK OF A LINER IN THE HEBRIDES



## Topics of the Week

**The Muscat Dispute** THE story of the Anglo-French dispute in the Sultanate of Muscat, as detailed by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons last Tuesday, is by no means encouraging for those who hope that the pending negotiations between Lord Salisbury and

M. Cambon will result in a complete reconciliation of the two countries. Muscat is a diminutive State dominating the entrance to the Persian Gulf, which has always been an object of solicitude to Great Britain. Since the middle of the seventeenth century we have watched over its independence, and have exercised a predominance at the Court of the Sultan. That potentate has been, for over thirty years, in receipt of a subsidy from the Indian Exchequer, in return for which he has pledged himself not to alienate any portion of his dominions to a foreign Power. As a further guarantee of the situation we desired to conserve, we negotiated a treaty in 1862 with France, in the terms of which the two Powers engaged to respect the independence of the Sultanate. Such was the situation when some time last year the French Agent at Muscat proposed to the Sultan the cession on lease of a harbour to the French Government. According to Mr. Brodrick this transaction would have permitted the French to fly their flag and erect fortifications at the harbour so acquired. When the French Minister of Foreign Affairs was interrogated on the subject by the British Ambassador he possessed to know nothing about it. Nevertheless, the lease was actually granted. As soon as this fact was ascertained the British Agent, acting under instructions from the Home Government, demanded the withdrawal of the concession under pain of a bombardment. Thereupon the Sultan in open durbar declared the lease void, and handed over his copy of it to the British Agent. Now, if this story is true we have very good reason for complaining of the action both of the Sultan of Muscat and of the French Government. The Sultan had violated his engagement with us not to alienate any portion of his territory, and the French had violated the treaty of 1862, by which they engaged to respect the independence, and consequently the integrity, of the Sultanate. It is true that the French declare that the concession only related to a coaling dépôt, and would not involve any territorial cession, but, seeing that the text of the lease is in the hands of the British Government, it is impossible to believe that Mr. Brodrick is in error in his account of it. Moreover, had the concession been of so innocuous a character, there was no reason for the secrecy in which the negotiations were conducted. In face of the facts as they are officially presented to us it is difficult to resist the conclusion that we have been once more the victim of an unfriendly act on the part of the French Government. Happily the incident is now closed, the French demands having been so reduced as to leave no room for objections on our part, but the impression it leaves behind it is none the less disagreeable. It is of the same character as a long series of "pin-pricks" by means of which attempts have been surreptitiously made by France during the last few years to undermine British interests in all parts of the world. Its effect is to generate a belief that a durable *entente* with France is still very far off, and on this account we cannot but deeply deplore it.

Judging from the comparatively slight opposition offered to the Sale of Food and Drugs Bill on its second reading, this useful little measure may be considered safe from the massacre of the innocents. It has nothing of the heroic in its composition; its central purpose is to insure buyers against being cheated by sellers through either adulteration or substitution. From that standpoint, therefore, it is essentially a Poor Man's Bill; tradesmen who supply the wealthier classes get such good prices that they have no occasion to

palm off inferior goods for superior. But the measure will do little good unless local authorities and magistrates show much greater zeal in stamping out these petty frauds. The trifling fines which usually form the only punishment are not deterrent in the slightest degree; so large are the profits that a cheating trader can afford to write off these trivial penalties among ordinary working expenses.

### Our Supplement

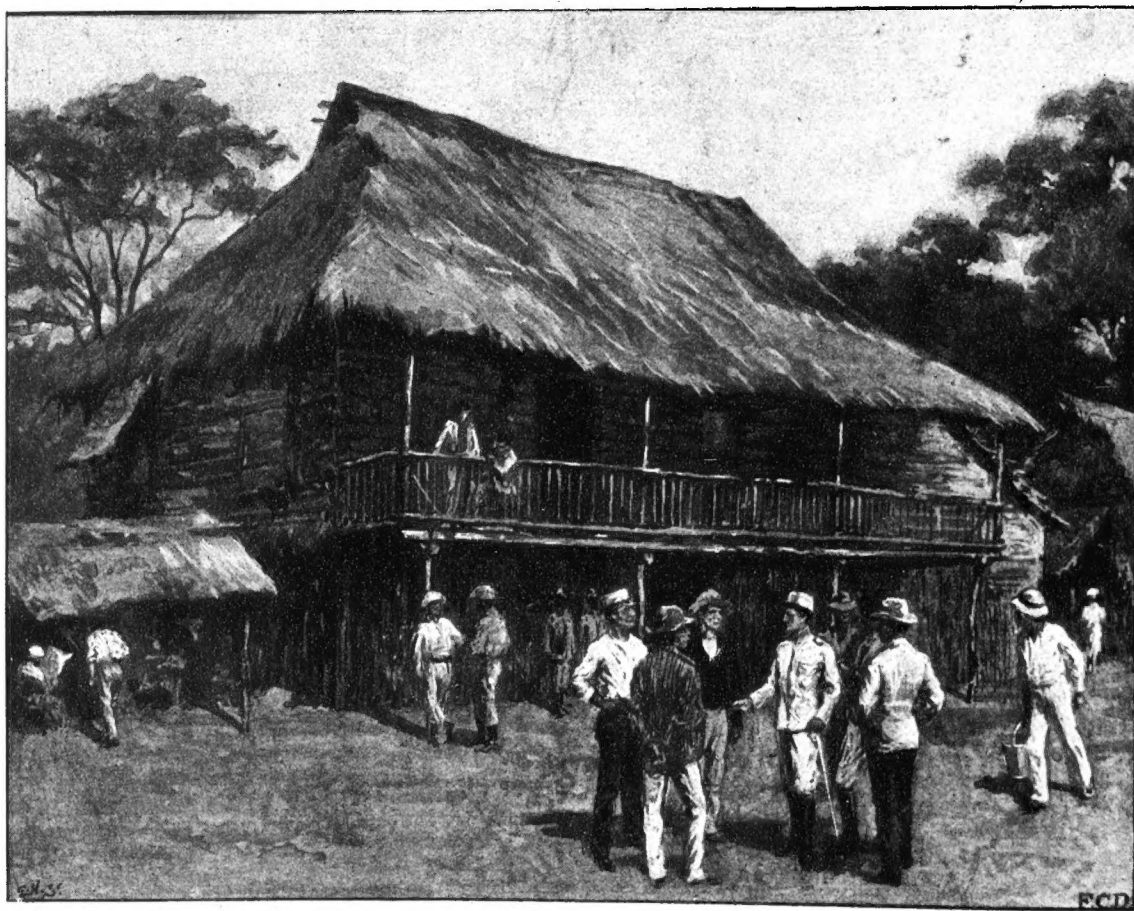
THERE are many canine studies in the National Gallery by that



The Grange, the mansion of Sir Charles Nicholson, at Totteridge, three miles from Barnet, was recently found to be on fire, and before effective help could be rendered from Barnet, Edgware, or Hendon it was entirely burned out. The Grange was the residence for many years of Lord Lytton, who wrote there "The Last of the Barons."—Our illustration is from a photograph by W. Summers, New Barnet

#### LORD LYTTON'S BIRTHPLACE, DESTROYED BY FIRE

king of animal painters, Sir Edwin Landseer, but there are few which so thoroughly represent the characteristics of the Highland deerhound as the painting we reproduce in our supplement. As swift as the greyhound, as powerful as the Irish wolfhound, as alert as a terrier and possessing the endurance of a bulldog,



Aguinaldo holds his Councils of State, directs his army of 20,000 or more natives from his house at Malalás, a quaint little town made up of Nepa huts a dozen white-washed brick structures, including a great church and convent, thirty miles eastward of Manila, in Luzon. He has appropriated to his use the convent of Malalás. Half a dozen soldiers and two natives with Mindanao spears, mount guard under a Filipino flag at the convent's entrance

#### THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES: LEADING FILIPINOS GATHERED AT AGUINALDO'S HOUSE

Drawn by F. C. Dickinson

there are few to compare with him in the chase, and he may be pre-eminently termed the national dog of Scotland. He dates from before the time of Ossian, and was the chief actor in the great hunting parties given by the old Highland chieftains. Many are the legends told of him. Did not Fingal bring over his famous Irish hound "Brand" to combat the Scotch hound of a Sutherland chieftain, and when he saw his favourite worsted extend his "venomous hands" and tear out the victor's heart? Fierce though he may be in the chase, the deerhound is a gentle companion in everyday life, far more so, indeed, than the dandie or terrier by his side, in the picture, who is a charming dog in his way, but apt to be unpleasantly short of temper at times, albeit the best of watchdogs in the house.

## Royalty at Home and Abroad

THE best wishes of her people go with the Queen as Her Majesty starts this week for her annual foreign holiday. Czar has done the Queen so much good in the past that everyone hopes the present change will be equally beneficial. This is the first year running that Her Majesty has been to Cimiez, and the French are reckoning up with pride that the Queen has paid their country twelve visits within the last fifteen years. Nothing could equal Her Majesty's popularity on the Riviera, where the people call her the "Reine Soleil"—in double allusion to her proverbial good looks in weather and to her personal amiability. So far, the Queen and Cimiez have been preparing a most happy welcome—all the more marked because of the silly rumours about discourteous allusions to the coming Royal guest and the Mayor's visit of a day, both equally false. As usual, the journey was made as private as possible, the Queen travelling under her favourite title of Countess of Balmoral. This year, too, there was a spice of novelty at the beginning of the trip, owing to the route by Calais, Boulogne and Cherbourg having replaced the former but longer way by Dover. Leaving Windsor on Thursday morning, a three hours' run brought the Queen and Princesses to Folkestone, where, by careful arrangement, the train came direct to the new pier, and a covered gangway enabled Her Majesty to be wheeled on board the *Calais-Douvres* without fatigue. The mayor and the district military officials received the Royal party, but at the Queen's desire, no address was presented. It is many years since the Queen travelled in any vessel except her own yacht, but the *Calais-Douvres* afforded Her Majesty an excellent view of how her subjects cross the Channel in comfort. The steamer had been specially fitted up for the occasion, a deckhouse being constructed abaft the after funnel for the Queen's use, as Her Majesty objects to going below. At her request, however, the saloon was most plainly furnished. At Boulogne the Royal party landed at the Quai Maritime, and tea having been served, the special train took the Royal party off at once. Beyond the necessary brief stoppages for meals, the trip was made straight through to the South, the travellers being expected to reach Cimiez late yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Up to the last moment before departure the Queen's time was filled with official business and entertaining visitors at Windsor. A farewell Council was held at the Castle; the new United States Ambassador came down to present his credentials, and, accompanied by his wife, dined at the Castle; and the Earl of Elgin was invested with the Order of the Garter. Among the chief guests, too, was Slatin Pasha, with whom Her Majesty held long conversation on Sudan affairs. Nor was Art forgotten among more important business, for the Queen inspected both Mr. John Charlton's Diamond Jubilee picture of Her Majesty arriving at St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service and Mr. Benjamin Constant's portrait of the Queen enthroned in the House of Lords. Her Majesty was much pleased with both works and warmly complimented the artists.

The Prince of Wales always enjoys a brief visit to Paris, where he has so many friends. He stayed three days on his way to Cannes, and took the opportunity to make President Loubet's acquaintance by a call at the Elysée. As he takes such keen interest in the coming 1900 Exhibition, one of the Prince's first visits was to the Exhibition works to note the progress since his last inspection, minutely questioning the officials who conducted him through the works. He dined at the British Embassy, spent an evening at the Variétés, and gave a lunch at his hotel before starting for Cannes on Sunday night. The Duke of Michael and other friends of the Prince at Cannes on Monday, and in the evening he dined with Mr. Robert Vyner at the Chateau Ste. Anne. The Princess of Wales's departure from London was delayed by a slight accident to the *Osborne* during a very rough passage to Gibraltar. The Royal yacht injured her rudder, so she was obliged to stop for repairs before going on to Genoa, where the Royal passengers join the vessel. Meanwhile the Princess and her daughters stayed at Marlborough House, going the round of the picture galleries.

It is very unusual for the first Levée of the season to be held by anyone but the Prince of Wales himself. For once, however, the Duke of York represented his father at the opening Levée on Monday, and he will also hold the Levée next Tuesday. In fact, the Duke has his hands full during his father's absence, as he is the only Prince left in England just now to fulfil public duties.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have had a very pleasant visit to Cairo, their stay fortunately coinciding with several important native ceremonies.





"HIGHLAND DOGS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY



# The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

This week has seen introduced in the House of Commons two Bills which stand apart from politics, being concerned for so much as the comfort and welfare of the people. One is the Telephone Bill, introduced by Mr. Hanbury; the other the Foods and Drugs Bill, in the hands of that much-abused Minister, the President of the Board of Agriculture. The debate that followed Mr. Long's exposition of his measure indicated that, like his predecessor, hot controversy will rage round his latest effort of suffering humanity. Mr. Hanbury was more fortunate, as his first impressions are misleading—in the matter of Bills introduced in the House of Commons they often are—he will have been granted to him way-leaves for his telephone lines.

That Mr. Hanbury was doing in charge of a Bill promoted by the Postmaster-General is a matter that requires explanation. The Postmaster-General is in the House of Lords, and, unlike the heads of other departments and offices, such as the Army and Navy, the Foreign Office, he has no Under-Secretary who might be conveniently distributed in the House of Commons. Of all departments of the State the Post Office raps most constantly at the door of the British householder. Consequently his representatives in the House of Commons are incessantly urgent with questions on matters of detail. The Duke of Norfolk, serene in the seclusion of the House of Lords, is not able to reply. An answer is desirable, if not always necessary, there must be a spokesman for the department in the House of Commons. To the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who has to answer many questions in his own account, the duty of replying for the Postmaster-General has been deputed.

Thus the Telephone Bill, which had the advantage of Mr. Hanbury's gift of lucid speech in its exposition. Its main object is to put Mr. Hanbury put it, to popularise telephonic communication. In the towns in the North of England the telephone is in as habitual use as the front door knocker. In London households it is the exception. Under Mr. Hanbury's Bill, following on the lines of the Swiss system, a retaining fee of 3s. a year, with a refresher of three pence a message, will flood every household with the blessings of the telephone. The Duke of Norfolk, who as his management of the duties suddenly thrust upon him in connection with the public funeral of Mr. Gladstone revealed to mankind, is an energetic business man, having elaborated a plan he means to carry it out straightway. London is to reap immediate benefit. As soon as the two millions necessary is voted work will be commenced. At the same time municipalities 50,000 strong may, by simply asking for a licence, obtain authority to establish the telephone service within their boundaries.

The Bill was received with a chorus of approval through which sounded the dismal voice of Sir James Fergusson, lamenting the evil wrought to the National Telephone Company. Sir James is recognised as having peculiar authority to speak on the subject. It was whilst he was Postmaster-General the National Telephone Company obtained an arrangement with the Post Office which they fondly regarded as handing over to them, tied and bound, the population of the three kingdoms helpless under a monopoly. That construction of the negotiation was promptly challenged on Sir James's leaving St. Martin's le Grand, and is finally shattered by the Bill now before Parliament. The ex-Postmaster-General's personal lot is modified by the possession of a directorship on the Telephone Company, and in that capacity he protested against what his colleagues regard as Post Office piracy. All the same, the Bill will pass, and will revolutionise social life in London to an extent perhaps not second to the introduction of the electric light.

After long interval of restful silence foreign affairs have again cropped up in the Parliamentary field. On Tuesday morning the country was startled by reading a report of a speech made by M. Delcassé. In the Chamber of Deputies, replying to a question, the French Foreign Minister stated in effect that Lord Salisbury having, under threat of bombardment, obtained from the Sultan of Muscat the retrocession of a lease to France of territory in contravention of the treaty of 1862, when confronted by France, withdrawn the ban, and expressed profound regret for the action of its agent, the British Resident at Zanzibar Jisseh. As a few days earlier it had, on behalf of Lord Salisbury, been represented that the firmness of our Foreign Office had resulted in a complete diplomatic victory, this categorical contradiction from the mouth of the French Foreign Minister created surprise and uneasiness. Was it possible that, after all, Lord Salisbury had been at it again with his graceful concessions?

As soon as the House met on Tuesday Mr. Brodrick was questioned on the subject. Although inquiry was necessarily made without that notice the Foreign Office very properly insists upon, the Under Secretary was fully prepared. He produced a lengthy document, which if not in the handwriting of Lord Salisbury, bore abundant proof of his personality in the peculiar turn of its phrases. In brief he flatly contradicted the French Minister at every important point. England had got her own way in forcing France to observe the precise terms of the convention of 1862, and so far from expressing profound regret at the action of the British Foreign Office Lord Salisbury had more than once informed the French Ambassador that the agent was in the right, had, indeed, acted under direct instructions from the Foreign Office. "The statement of M. Delcassé is somewhat imperfect," said Mr. Brodrick, reading from his paper. That is the Salisburian formula for expressing a view which an unsophisticated costermonger would put in briefer and more emphatic form.

Monday having been given up to the bringing in of Bills, Thursday, the second day available for Government legislation, was set apart as opportunity for Mr. Goschen to make his annual statement introducing the Naval Estimates. To-day (Friday) is, as usual, devoted to Supply. As yet only the Supplementary Estimates have been approached. Already there has been heard from the Treasury Bench ominous threat of the necessity for encroaching on the time of private members. This, regarded as an outrage before Easter, is met by renewed assiduity of private members to show they do not undervalue or waste their privileges. On Tuesday last, as on Tuesday last week, attempts to count out the House were frustrated.

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There is a Thin-paper Edition printed, the rate for which abroad is 3s. per annum; but as the appearance of the illustrations on this paper is so inferior in comparison, subscribers are particularly invited to order any of the editions quoted above in preference.

All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publishers, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

In honour of the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the great dam at Assouan by the Duke of Connaught, Mr. John Aird, M.P., gave his workmen a festival dinner. Our illustration represents a crowd of Italian workmen gathered at Philæ after dinner. Six thousand workmen are employed at Assouan,

between two and three thousand at Assiout, 90 per cent. being natives. Among the Europeans are some five hundred Italians, of whose industry and skill Mr. Aird speaks very highly.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE; A HOLIDAY FOR THE WORKMEN AT PHILÆ



## St. Mary's, Moorfields

By H. W. BREWER

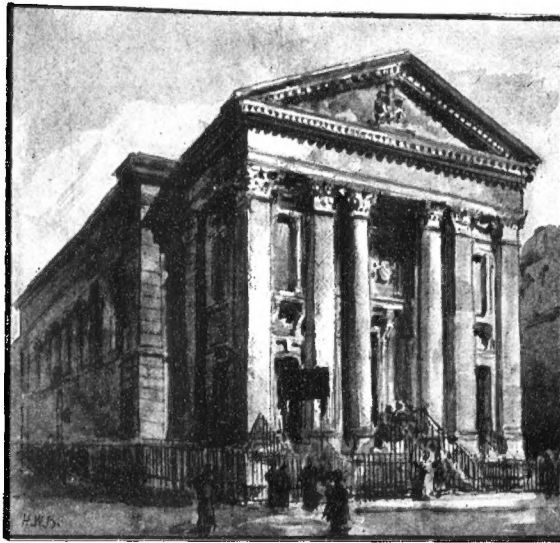
ST. MARY'S, Moorfields, although dating back no further than the year 1820, has had a very curious and chequered existence, and recalls many strange memories of the past. It is the direct descendant of the old "Mass houses," two of which stood close to its site, humble and almost secret places of worship where a priest said mass, knowing that if an enemy were present he risked transportation for life. The enemy was not always a stranger, for as a large reward was offered by the Government for "a massing priest," there were not a few enough to pretend a sincere desire to join his communion in order to betray him. Those unmitigated scoundrels, Titus Oates and Payne, were samples of this hateful crew. One of the scenes of the last-named ruffian's exploits took place in a "Mass house" at Moorfields, and was one of the series of intrigues which ultimately led to the Gordon Riots.

Bishop Talbot, a member of the illustrious family which has such a prominent place in the history of this country, was in the habit of celebrating here. Payne, who had made a good thing over the betrayal of a priest at Lambeth, determined to try his hand again in the same line, so he accused Dr. Talbot of saying mass at Moorfields. The case, fortunately, came before an enlightened magistrate, who asked the accuser this question: "Do you understand Latin?" The answer was "Not a word!" "Then how do you know that this man was saying mass?" and then dismissed the case. When the Gordon Riots broke out the mob set fire to the chapel and burnt everything, leaving the walls only. They also destroyed the furniture and property of the priest, a very old man, whose name was Dillon. His end was hastened by the ill-treatment he received. The Government granted an indemnity for the damage caused, and a house was purchased in White Street, which was used as a chapel down to the year 1820, when the present St. Mary's, Moorfields, was erected. It soon became the most important Roman Catholic place of worship in this country, and according to the Rev. William Fleming,\* in the year 1836, had a congregation attached to it of about 30,000 people. During the "Papal Aggression" it played a notable part in that question, and was the scene of Cardinal Wiseman's controversial sermons, becoming at the establishment of the hierarchy, the Pro-Cathedral of the Diocese of Westminster. Cardinal Manning, however, finding that its congregation had greatly diminished, partly from the City ceasing to be a residential locality, and partly by the fact that so many districts had been separated from St. Mary's and provided with churches and chapels of their own, removed his *Cathedra* to St. Mary's,

\* "The History of St. Mary's, Moorfields."

Kensington, and Cardinal Vaughan is now erecting a magnificent Cathedral at Westminster, which is rapidly approaching completion. St. Mary's, Moorfields, is to be pulled down, but its memory will be kept alive by a smaller church or chapel either on or near its site.

St. Mary's, Moorfields, has little to recommend it externally, but the interior is undeniably striking, though to the prevalent ideas upon ecclesiastical architecture, it is somewhat too theatrical. The high altar is placed in an apse which is pierced by a colonnade,



THE EXTERIOR

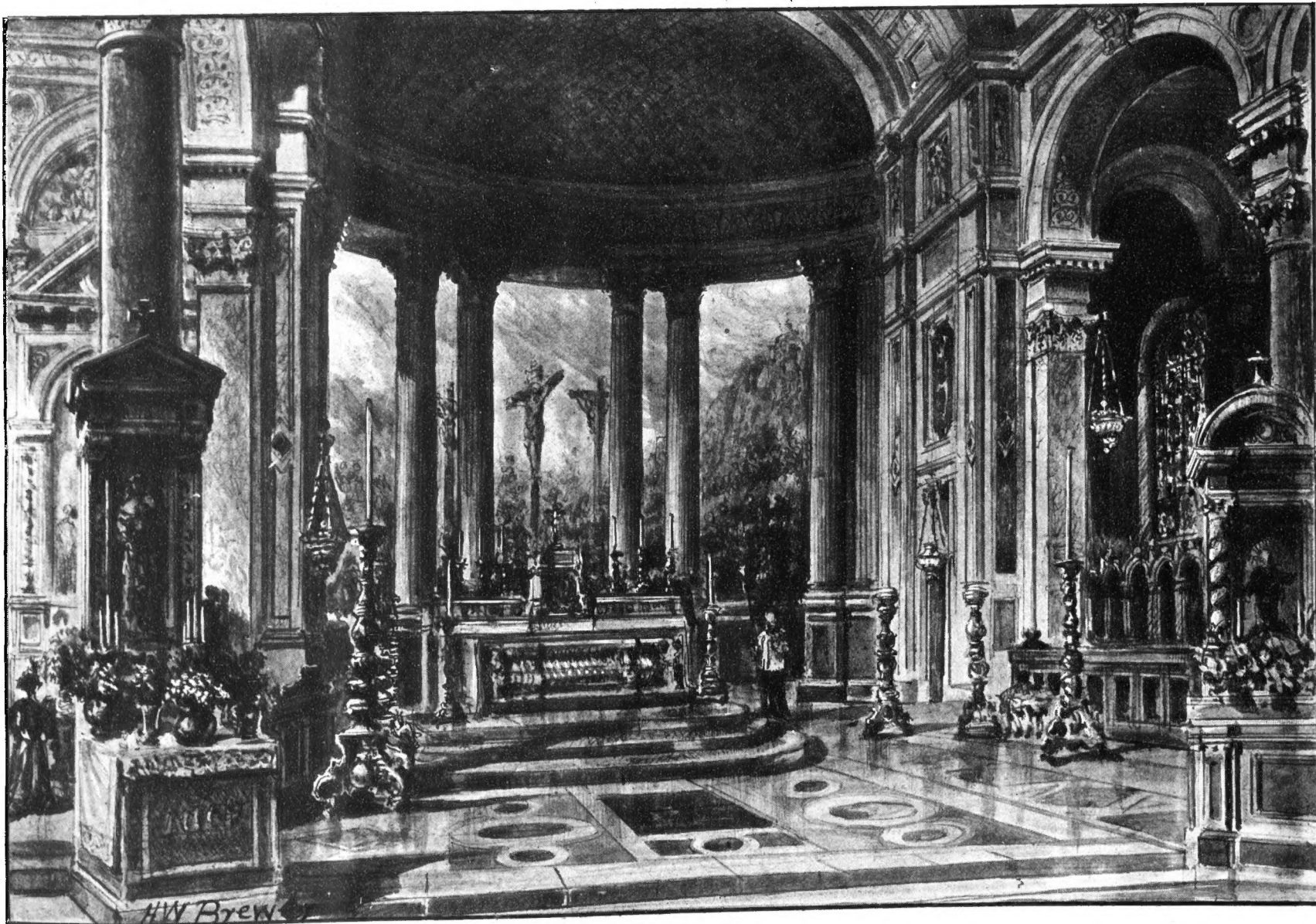
supporting a semi-segmental dome. At the back, seen through the colonnade, is a large fresco by Aglio, representing the whole scene of the Crucifixion. The light being admitted from above, no windows are visible. The columns and high altar were brought over from Milan. The latter is an elegantly formed sarcophagus with two angels supporting the slab. An injudicious operation was performed some years back; the outer wing of each angel was cut away in order to allow the altar cloth to fall without a fold. In front of the altar, on the floor, is the large marble slab which Cardinal Wiseman had intended for his own gravestone. It bears a simple inscription in Latin (the date of his death was added afterwards). Cardinal Wiseman was not buried here, but at

Kensal Green. His remains will be re-interred in the new Cathedral at Westminster. Five bishops and some fifty priests, together with many distinguished members of the Roman Catholic Church, are buried in the vaults.

## Operatic Matters

ALTHOUGH an extra week has been allowed for the Scala Company to make up their minds whether they will come to London this summer, no decision has, we understand, yet been arrived at. As to the regular opera season, we have received intimation that Madame Eames has not been able to come to terms with the Covent Garden Syndicate, and accordingly she proposes to enjoy a holiday this summer at the new villa which has been built for her and her husband at Vallambrosa. Madame Melbais, however, we learn, engaged for at least four performances, and M. Van Dyck, who was not expected this season, will be here to take part in Wagnerian and other operas. The exact date of the return of the artists from America has not been settled, but in all probability a portion of the American tour will not take place, and the leading vocalists will be back in the course of next month, as M. Edouard de Reszké desires to take a holiday in Poland, and M. Jean de Reszké will be in Paris, where his family reside, until the opening of the London season. Mr. Grau, in New York, hopes to revive *Le Prophète*, *Norma*, and *La Juive*, and in all probability all three operas will be in the repertory of the coming London season.

English opera seems to be more flourishing in the outlying theatres than in Central London. On Monday, at Mr. Robert Arthur's Princess of Wales's Theatre at Kennington, the new "National Grand Opera Company," of which Mesdames Ella Russell, Ormerod, and Alice Esty, Messrs. Hedmond, Cunningham, Marsh, Ludwig, and other former artists of the old Carl Rosa Company are members, commenced a fortnight's season with *Tannhäuser*. On Thursday of this week they likewise announced a matinée of *Hänsel and Gretel*, and of Mr. Somerville's one-act opera, *The Prentice Pillar*, which Mr. Hedmond produced during his brief season at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1897. This troupe commenced a tour of the provinces early in the present year, and the visit to Kennington is merely an interlude. At the Standard Theatre Mr. Turner's Company is now in the fourth week of its season, but reliance is placed mainly upon operas of the most familiar character. Mr. Rousbey's troupe have likewise been giving performances in the suburbs. The Carl Rosa Company are on tour in the provinces, and, as their dates are now fixed up to the end of the year, they have no present intention of revisiting London.



VIEW OF THE HIGH ALTAR

THE ROMAN-CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. MARY, MOORFIELDS, CITY, WHICH IS ABOUT TO BE PULLED DOWN

DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER



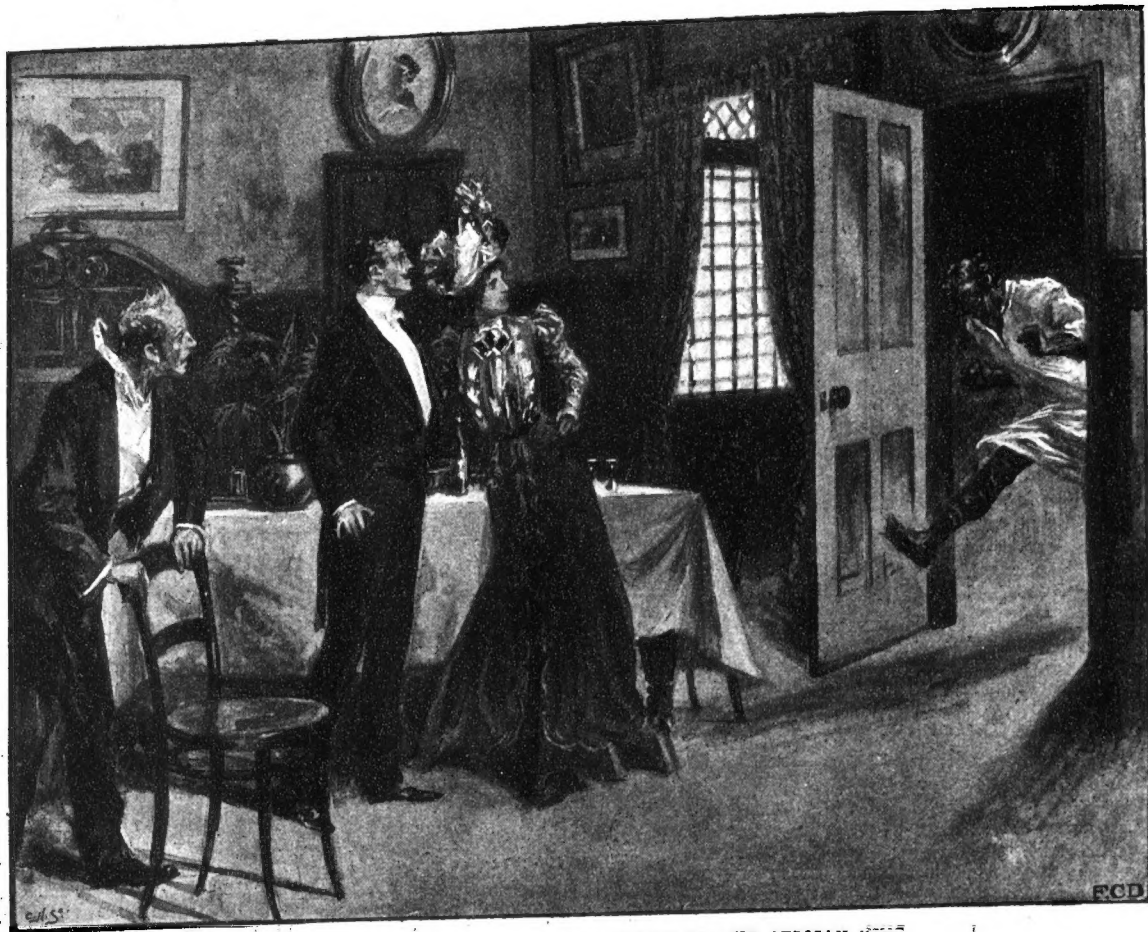
# The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

## "THE MAYFLOWER"

PRETTINESS, rather than dramatic power, is the prevailing characteristic of Mr. L. N. Parker's new play, *The Mayflower*, which, after winning much favour in the United States, has been received with scarcely less cordiality by a first-night audience at Camberwell. Related in bare outline, its theme must needs wear a slight, not to say commonplace, air; but Mr. Parker has endowed it with many picturesque and pleasing incidents, and his dialogue, of which there is perhaps a little too much when it is compared with the paucity of action, is fresh, homely, and brightened at times with a welcome tinge of poetical feeling. It is only the old story of true love whose course once more fails to run smooth. Lord Gervase Carew has become enamoured of Joan Mallory, the beautiful daughter of Roger Mallory, a Puritan, in the city of Amsterdam, and his love is returned by the Puritan maiden; but Roger makes the discovery that the stranger who has gained admission to his house in humble guise and under an assumed name is the son of his old enemy, Lord Bideford, whose persecution it is that has driven the Mallorys into exile. In these circumstances flight seems to him to offer the best protection, and he determines to take passage with his household aboard that famous historical craft, *The Mayflower*, which is then on the point of sailing for New England. The lovers, however, remain true and steadfast, and Carew, having followed the fugitives to Plymouth, persuades Joan to elope with him. The elopement, however, is frustrated by the intervention of Jack Poynings, who, though a friend of Carew's, refuses to connive at a step which involves the maiden's honour. Old Roger is in the act of invoking a curse upon his daughter's betrayer when Joan is brought back in a fainting condition by the faithful Poynings, who, on his fleet horse, has overtaken the twain, and succeeded in rescuing Joan from her peril. In the end, however, steadfast love prevails. Carew follows the pilgrims across the ocean, and after many privations and sufferings tracks Mallory and his daughter to their log hut in New Plymouth, whither Poynings has accompanied them, and finally the old man's opposition gives way in view of his daughter's unalterable feelings and the proofs that Carew has now given of the depth and sincerity of his affection.

It is said that *The Mayflower* had originally a different ending—that Carew was finally rejected by Joan in favour of Poynings, who has silently cherished for her a love that was purer and more sincere. If so the change may explain some obscurity in the setting forth of the story. Was the young nobleman really earnest in his love from the first? For aught that is unequivocally revealed in the dialogue or action Carew at the period of the abortive elopement may have been no better than Squire Thornhill, and Joan may only have escaped the fate of the too-confiding Olivia. If so, love's purifying



THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF THE AFRICAN KING  
"THE CUCKOO," THE NEW COMEDY FARCE AT THE AVENUE: SCENE FROM ACT II.  
Drawn by F. C. Dickinson

power may in the last act have converted the profligate into the penitent; but all this is, at the best, but imperfectly developed. The play has the advantage of clever acting as well as careful mounting. Joan cannot be converted into a heroine of marked character, but her tender, trustful nature, her steadfastness and earnest feeling are beautifully portrayed by that delightful actress, Miss Lena Ashwell, and Mr. Scott Buist as Carew is not wanting in passion or sense of the picturesque. Mr. Bernard Gould's Poynings is, perhaps, the best, and is certainly the most subtle piece of acting among the male parts; for though Mr. Warde's Roger Mallory wins, perhaps, greater favour by his quaint blend of humour and piety, the latter character is wanting in depth. Joan's skittish cousin Cicely and her bashful Dutch lover, William Hundijs (the parts are played respectively by Miss Henrietta Watson and Mr. Kittredge), remind one too directly of Sheridan Knowles's underplots. Mr. Kinghorn's Tobias Mardyke, the canting Puritan, is little more than a familiar stage type, but the actor's force and feeling for character make it acceptable. Surely Mr. Rock's captain of the *Mayflower* was a trifle too obstreperous and extravagant in pose and gesture. The costumes are pretty, and the scenes—notably the dining-room of Hundijs's house with the canal-street and the clumsy, gaily painted Dutch barges seen through the great window—are beautiful. The final scene in the New England log hut, into which the snow drives hard and fast at every opening of the door, bears a curious resemblance to the last scene in *Ours*.

The public have already heard that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play, which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will produce at HER MAJESTY'S after the close of the run of *The Musketeers*, is to be called *Carnac Sahib*, and is to have for its hero an Anglo-Indian

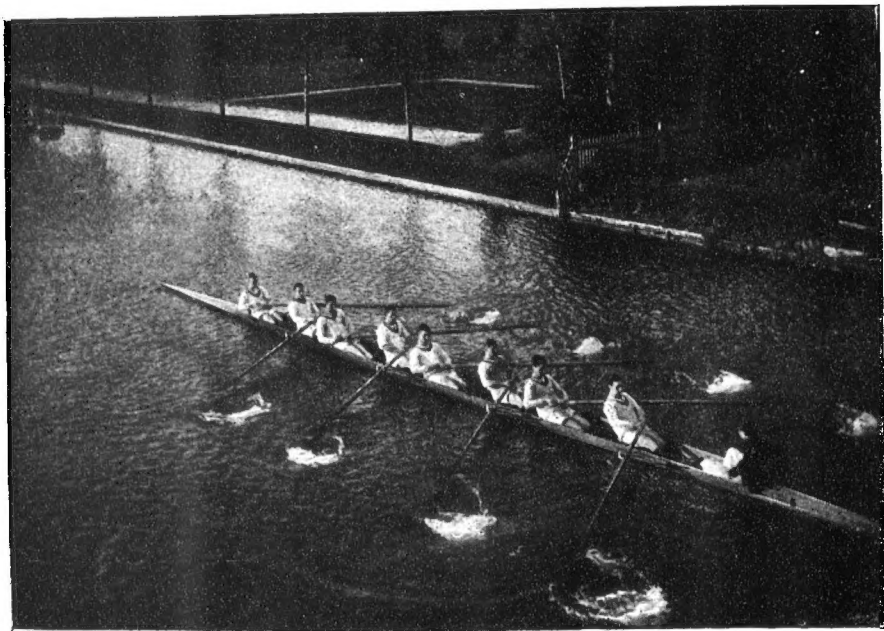
Colonel. It may be well, therefore, to note that there was a real Carnac Sahib—a Colonel to boot—who in the early days of the reign of His Majesty King George III. distinguished himself by an important victory over the troops of the Emperor of Delhi and a French contingent commanded by M. Law, who was taken prisoner with fifteen officers and fifty of his men. Mr. Jones's hero, however, is not this Carnac Sahib, but a purely imaginary personage. Not the less, how will there be stirring scenes of Indian life both civil and military. Mr. Tree and Mr. Waller will play two officers in love with the same lady, who will be represented by Mrs. Brown-Potter.

The author of *The Man in the Iron Mask*, with which play Mr. Norman Forbes will enter upon his season at the ADELPHI this evening, had a large choice of heroes, for not less than half a score of personages—some of the first eminences—have been brought forward as claimants to the honour of being the chief figure in that historical mystery. Like Thomas, however, in his *Vicomte de Bragelonne*—to which historical romance the ADELPHI playwright confesses his obligations—he is content to adopt Voltaire's solution, and to find in the mysterious prisoner of Pignerol and the Bastille, Marchiali, the alleged twin brother of Louis XIV. Among the personages whose claims have

been supported by distinguished authorities are the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Beaufort, the Count de Vernandon (son of Louis XIV. by the Duchess de la Vallière), and Marchiali—the latter an obscure agent of a petty Italian state whom Louis XIV., out of alleged motives of vengeance for a trick played on him, ordered to be unlawfully arrested on foreign soil. The old melodrama of *The Man with the Iron Mask*, which was played on our stage nearly seventy years ago, had, like the latest version of the story, also Marchiali for its hero.

The revival of *Sweet Lavender* at TERRY'S Theatre is an event upon which all playgoers who can enjoy a thoroughly pure and wholesome piece are to be congratulated. Mr. Edward Terry resumes his original part of Dick Phenyl—what other representative, indeed, of that bibulous, broken-down, but still eminently lovable barrister could possibly be welcome to a London audience?—and with him are at least two important members of the former cast in the persons of Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Maude Millett. The company in general—including as it does Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Edmond Maurice, Mr. M. A. Victor, Mr. Marsh Allan, and Miss Nina Boucicault, is indeed a very strong one.

Mr. Charles Brookfield has had the hardihood to take in hand Meilhac's comedy, entitled *Decoré*, which for some eleven years has, for reasons not difficult to understand, been avoided by English adaptors. *The Cuckoo*, at the AVENUE Theatre, is an adaptation of this piece. Mr. Charles Hawtrey and his company at the AVENUE Theatre find in it opportunities for the display of their talents, and much laughter is provoked by its bustling incidents.



THE OXFORD EIGHT AT COOKHAM



THE CAMBRIDGE EIGHT AT BOURNE END

Both the crews have been practising on the Cookham Marlow reach this year. The Cambridge men have been the guests of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who has been assisting Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher in coaching them at Field Head, Bourne End, while the Oxford crew have been entertained for a week by their stroke's

father at Hedsor House, opposite Cookham. The Cambridge crew came to Putney on Tuesday, and followed the next day. Our photographs are by Callcott, Teddington



# Our Portraits

CAPTAIN the Hon. Richard Fitzroy Somerset, who died of fever last week in the Royal Southern Hospital, Liverpool, a few days after landing from the African steamer *Jebba*, had been in West Africa about a year. He left for service with the Frontier Force in January last year. He traversed a vast part of the hinterland between Lagos and the Niger country, having his headquarters at Zaria. He was lately struck down with fever, and was invalided home. Captain Somerset, who was the son of the second Baron Raglan, was born in 1865. He joined the Grenadier Guards in August 1886. He was appointed ADC to Lord Wolseley in



CAPTAIN HORE-RUTHVEN  
Who has been awarded the V.C.



THE LATE CAPT. R. F. SOMERSET  
Who died of fever contracted in West Africa



CAPT. G. O. ROOS KEPPEL  
Who commanded the Chamkannis Expedition

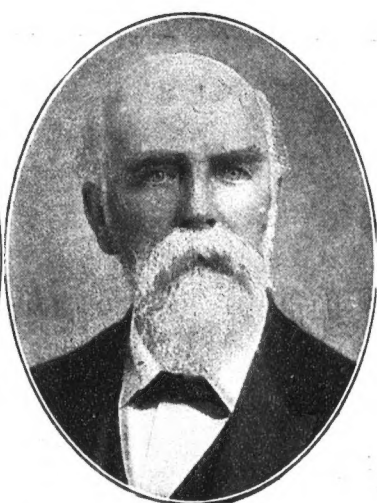
over the effects of his exertions and an illness he contracted during the German Emperor's visit to Palestine. Mr. John Mason Cook was born in 1834. At a very early age he interested himself in excursions, and his ability was soon recognised when he joined the Midland Railway Company. At the age of fifteen he was entrusted with the superintendence of an excursion from London to Scotland. When he came of age Mr. Cook was appointed superintendent of the excursion traffic to the Midland Company. He held that post for three years, when he went into business on his own account. In 1864 this business was combined with that which his father had established, and so began the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, which is known all over the world.



LORD PENZANCE  
Judge of the Court of Arches, who is retiring



CAPTAIN SCHMIDT  
Master of the liner *Bulgaria*



THE LATE MR JOHN M. COOK  
Head of the well-known Tourist Agency



SIR EDWARD SASSOON  
New M.P. for Hythe



THE LATE VERY REV. A. K. H. BOYD  
Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson"

1892, when the latter was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. He was promoted to be Captain in March last year, about a month after his departure for West Africa.—Our portrait is by W. and J. Stuart, Brompton Road.

The Queen has signified her intention of conferring the Victoria Cross upon Captain the Hon. Alexander Gore Arkwright Hore-Ruthven for his conspicuous bravery during the attack on the baggage guard at Gedaref in September last. During that action Captain Hore-Ruthven, seeing an Egyptian officer lying wounded within fifty yards of the advancing Dervishes, who were firing and charging, picked him up and carried him towards the 16th Egyptian Battalion. He dropped the wounded officer two or three times and fired upon the Dervishes, who were following, to check their advance. Had the officer been left where he first dropped he must have been killed. Captain Hore-Ruthven has the distinction of being the first militiaman to win the V.C. He belongs to the Third Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry. He is the son of the eighth (and present) Lord Ruthven, and was born in 1872.—Our portrait is by Sharp, Hamilton.

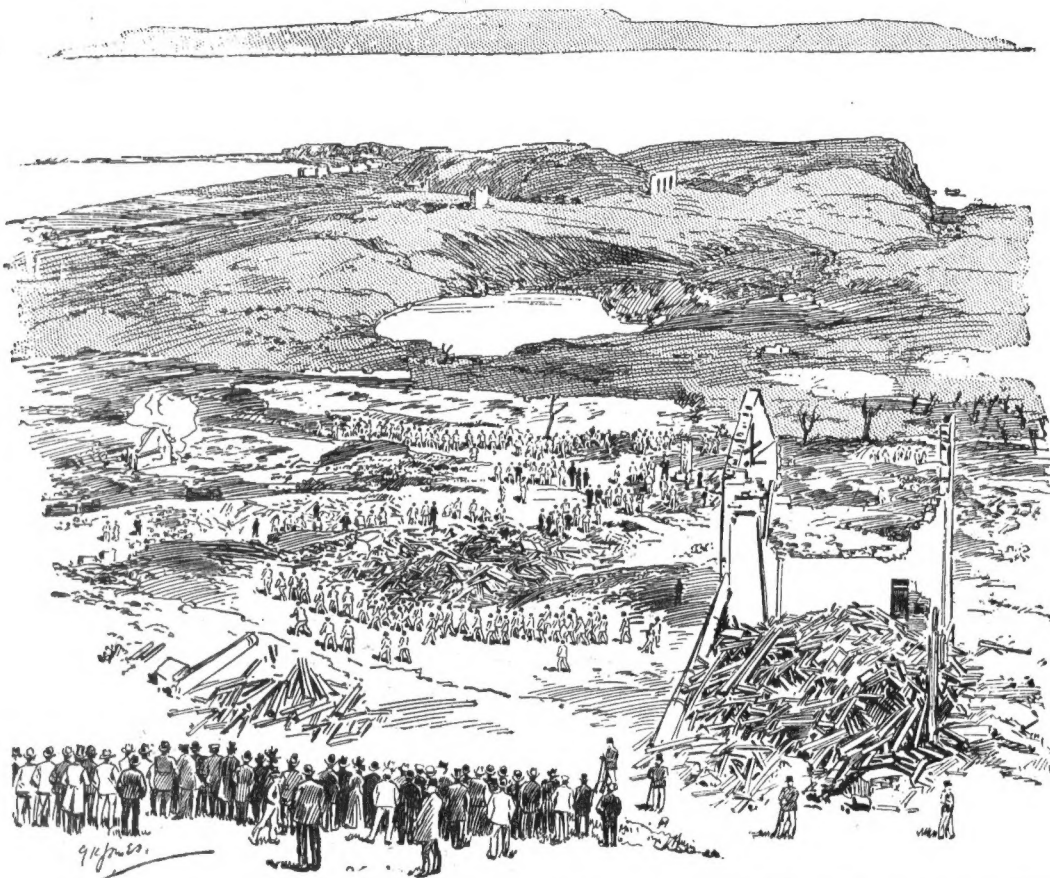
summoned, and though everything was done that could be, he died within an hour, after suffering great agony. The Very Rev. Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd, D.D., LL.D., was born at Auchinleck, of which parish his father was incumbent, in 1825, and was educated at King's College, London, and at the University of Glasgow, where he obtained the highest honours in philosophy and theology. He was ordained in 1851, and was incumbent successively of the parishes of Newton-on-Ayr, Kirkpatrick-Irongray in Galloway,

Among Mr. Cook's most notable achievements were his arrangements for the water transport of a British military expedition up the Nile and for the Kaiser's recent trip to Palestine.—Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

The German Emperor was prompt in his congratulations to the Hamburg-American Line, on the news of the safety of the missing liner *Bulgaria*. And he did not stop there, but, as a mark of recognition of the splendid services of Captain Schmidt, the officer in command of the liner, bestowed upon him the Cross of the Commander of the Hohenzollern Family Order. Captain Schmidt is one of the oldest and most skilful shipmasters in the service of the Company.—Our portrait is by Hans Breuer, Hamburg.

Captain George O. Roos Keppel, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the political officer of Kurram Valley, distinguished himself in the successful expedition he commanded recently against the Chamkannis. One hundred prisoners were taken, some three thousand head of cattle captured, and nine of the rebels' villages were burnt. The expeditionary force was assisted by Turi Lashkars, numbering 500 men. Our casualties amounted to two wounded only, while the enemy lost eight killed. Captain Roos Keppel was born in 1866, and joined the Royal Scots Fusiliers at the age of twenty. He wears the Burmese medal with two clasps for serving in the campaign of 1887 with the 2nd Battalion of his regiment.—Our portrait is by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

The resignation of Lord Penzance of his office of Judge of the Provincial Courts of Canterbury and York, which has been expected for some time, has at length been announced. James Plaisted Wilde, first Baron Penzance, was born in 1816, and was educated at Winchester and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1839 and into the Northern Circuit. He obtained a good deal of official work, and was made Q.C. in 1855. In 1860 he was made a Baron of the Exchequer, and three years later became Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce, from which post he retired in 1872. He was appointed, on the passing of the Public Worship Act, to the Court of Arches, as the Ecclesiastical Court, from which he is now retiring, is called.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



On Sunday morning, from some unknown cause, the Lagoubran Naval Magazine, between La Seyne and Toulon, blew up. There were some fifty tons of powder and a large store of shot, shell, and melinite in the magazine, and the country round looked as if a volcanic eruption had taken place so terrible were the results of the explosions. Houses have been razed to the ground, fields devastated and covered with debris, trees torn up and bent. Even five miles off windows were shattered, while the report was heard at Nice, a hundred miles distant. Over sixty people were killed. The water in the centre of our illustration (which is from a photograph by W. Birt) marks the exact site of the magazine

THE DISASTER AT TOULON: SOLDIERS CLEARING THE WRECKAGE FROM THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION

The polling for the election of a member for Hythe in the room of Sir Bevan Edwards, who resigned, resulted in the return of Sir Edward Albert Sassoon, the Unionist candidate, by 2,485 votes to 1,898 cast for Sir Israel Hart. The new member is the son of the first Baronet, Sir Albert Abdallah Sassoon, was born in Bombay in 1856, and was educated at University College, London. He is a merchant and banker. From 1882 to 1897 he held a commission in the Duke of Cambridge's Hussars, retiring in the latter year with the honorary rank of major. He takes much interest in philanthropic work, and is treasurer of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.—Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

The death in painful circumstances of the Very Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, well known as the author who signed himself "A.K.H.B.," will be regretted by a wide circle of friends and of the reading public. Dr. Boyd was staying at Bournemouth on account of his health, and on Wednesday night last week took a quantity of carbolic acid in mistake for his sleeping draught. Medical assistance was

St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, and of the City of St. Andrews, which he held at the time of his death. He first became known as a writer by papers which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, signed with his initials, the best known being a series entitled "The Recreations of a Country Parson."—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The death of Mr. John M. Cook, head of the firm of Thomas Cook and Son, the famous tourist agency, occurred very suddenly. For some months he had been unwell, having never really got

at Winchester and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1839 and into the Northern Circuit. He obtained a good deal of official work, and was made Q.C. in 1855. In 1860 he was made a Baron of the Exchequer, and three years later became Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce, from which post he retired in 1872. He was appointed, on the passing of the Public Worship Act, to the Court of Arches, as the Ecclesiastical Court, from which he is now retiring, is called.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



## Military Ballooning

THE idea of using balloons in warfare is more than a century old, the first attempt made to put the project into execution being in the Revolutionary War of 1794. Napoleon organised a ballooning corps for his second campaign in Egypt, but before it could be employed, the waggons containing the accessories fell into the hands of the British. During the siege of Paris in 1870 balloons were used extensively, and news was carried by that means from the beleaguered city to the provinces. Among the latest additions to military balloons are searchlights, which are regarded as as invaluable in night reconnaissances.

There is a Military School of Ballooning at Aldershot which is wholly responsible for the theory and practice of aeronautics in the British Army. This institution has not only to test every balloon destined for the Service, but also to instruct those whose business it is to use the balloons, and to facilitate the employment of balloons generally in time of warfare.

The Balloon Section of the Royal Engineers constructs all the appliances employed, with the exception of preparing and fitting the skins. All the nations of Europe are engaged in attempting to bring the science of aerial navigation to perfection. It is no doubt a serious matter to consider that if ever the science were made really practical, not the finest navy ever seen could stop the destruction of a city by a military balloon armed with explosives. Experiments at Aldershot of late have been made with a balloon of a very different shape from that to which we are all accustomed. This new balloon is a weird-looking object, like a huge sausage floating in the air. It was, we believe, first tried in Germany. In the air the balloon floats at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the horizon. It is a somewhat complicated apparatus. In addition to the balloon itself there is a smaller balloon or bag attached, which has an open end, which inflates with air as the balloon moves. This helps to steady the balloon considerably. With the same object a small balloon, like a large football, is towed astern of the larger. This acts like the tail of a kite, and assists in keeping the balloon in the particular attitude it assumes, and also helps to maintain its steadiness. Oscillation is largely obviated, and special advantages for photographing are thus afforded. The little balloon at the tail also goes some way towards steering the balloon, for it enables the aeronaut to keep the head of what we will call the "sausage" for want of a better name, in a certain direction. This is a great advantage when the balloon is being towed, as of course it is generally captive. If let loose the balloon would have to go before the wind, and the tail would still help in steadying it and keeping its head in the direction of the wind which would never catch it athwart.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Charles Knight, Aldershot.



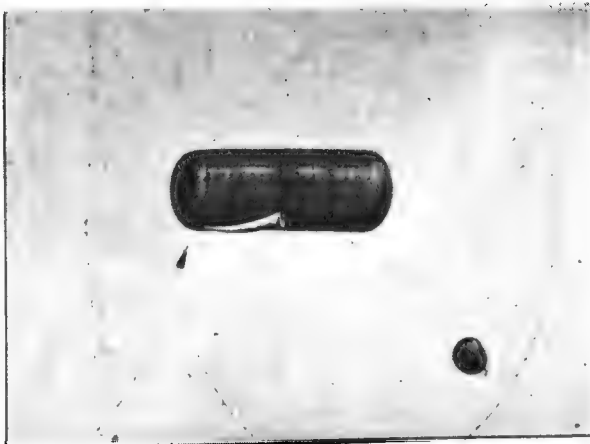
THE ASCENT



WITH STEADYING POUCH FULLY INFLATED



TOWING HOME



IN MID-AIR

### MILITARY BALLOONING AT ALDERSHOT

## Notes from the Magazines

WANTED, 25,000,000 PER ANNUM

THE author of "Life in Our Villages" has, in the *Fortnightly*, a good deal to say on the subject of "Old Age Pensions," and from a party point of view he thinks that the Liberals at present would do well to leave it severely alone, reserving it as a sure card up their sleeves for the time when they want something to put in the forefront of their programmes. "It is the one leading Liberal measure ripe for action, and the Conservatives having stolen it for the purpose of a general election and then broken faith, the Liberals

receipt on bills of twenty shillings and upwards instead of forty, or some such method. Rightly enough, he says that "Old Age Pensions for Everybody" would be a popular election cry, and the sooner the Liberals get it "definitely into their programme the better."

It is as completely in line with the charity and beneficence of the Christian religion as it is with soundest teaching of economic science; while, at the same time, it is perfectly intelligible to the duller comprehension, and at least by the tenths of Parliamentary electors would be received with enthusiastic satisfaction.

### IS IT PEACE?

"Diplomaticus," writing in the same review (the *Fortnightly*) on the prospects of an understanding

with France, is frankly sceptical as to our neighbour's amiable intentions. "If France really desires a rapprochement with us, let her do what she has never done in the last twenty years—make some concession to us," he says. It need not be in the matter of Egypt that we are content to let matters rest as they are, but

let her sell to us her rights on the "French shore" of Newfoundland. Her rights yield her nothing and only cause us annoyance. The fisheries, where it is her coal and train and stars, are not on the French shore but on the Greenland, and there we have no right to interfere with her. But on the French shore, a nuisance, and she does not wish to continue to pay the rôle if she is really to get rid of all the misunderstandings between this country. If she is to make us this concession, she will no longer be able to doubt her *doubtful* present negotiation. There will, I fancy, be grumbling if the she obtains from the Bahr-el-Ghazal the traditions of Lord Salisbury's graciousness.

KEW GARDENS will have various fresh attractions to offer visitors this summer. The new wing to the Temperate House is finished so that the whole conservatory will soon be open to the public. Part of the grounds belonging to the Queen's Cottage are also being included in the Gardens.



The snowstorms which lately made the passage of liners across the Atlantic such a terrible experience, and have covered New York in deep snow, have provided some healthy amusement for the youngsters. On a gentle slope in Central Park a first-rate toboggan run has been made, and it is thoroughly appreciated by the little folk, who enter into the sport with enthusiasm. Our illustration is from a photograph by F. Burton, New York.

### WINTER SPORT FOR YOUNG AMERICA: TOBOGGANNING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK





"I remember you," said Graham. "You were in that little room!"

## WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS. Illustrated by H. LANOS

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### CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued)

ALREADY he knew something of the history of the intervening years. He had heard now of the moral decay that had followed the collapse of supernatural religion in the minds of ignoble men, the decline of public honour, the ascendancy of wealth. For men who had lost their belief in God had still kept their faith in Property, and wealth ruled a venial world.

His Japanese attendant, Asano, in expounding the history of the intervening two centuries, drew an apt image from a seed eaten by insect parasites. First there is the original seed, ripening vigorously enough. And then comes some insect and lays an egg under the skin, and behold! in a little while the seed is a hollow shape with an active grub inside that has eaten out its substance. And then comes some secondary parasite, some ichneumon fly, and lays an egg within this grub, and behold! that, too, is a hollow shape, and the new living thing is inside its predecessor's skin which itself is snug within the seed coat. And the seed coat still keeps its shape. Most people think it a seed still, and for all one knows it may still think itself a seed, vigorous and alive. "Your Victorian kingdom," said Asano, "was like that—kingship with the heart eaten out." The landowners—the barons and gentry—began ages ago with King

John; there were lapses, but they beheaded King Charles, and ended practically with King George, a mere husk of a king... the real power in the hands of their Parliament. But the Parliament—the organ of the landholding tenant-ruling gentry—did not keep its power long. The change had already come in the nineteenth century. The franchise had been broadened until it included masses of ignorant men, "urban myriads," who went in their featureless thousands to vote together. And the natural consequence of a swarming constituency is the rule of the party organisation. Power had passed even in the Victorian time to the party machinery, secret, complex, and corrupt. Very speedily power was in the hands of great men of business who financed the machines. Parliament became a shadow—a sham. A time came when the real power and interest of the Empire rested visibly between the two party councils, ruling by newspapers and electoral organisations—two small groups of rich and able men, working at first in opposition, then presently together.

There was a reaction of a genteel, ineffectual sort. There were numberless books in existence, Asano said, to prove that—the publication of some of them was as early as Graham's sleep—a whole literature of reaction in fact. The party of the reaction seems to have locked itself into its study and rebelled, with unflinching

determination—on paper. The urgent necessity of either capturing or depriving the party councils of power is a common suggestion underlying all the thoughtful work of the early twentieth century, both in America and England. In most of these things America was a little earlier than England, though both countries drove the same way.

That counter revolution never came. It could never organise and keep pure. There was not enough of the old sentimentality, the old faith in righteousness, left among men. Any organisation that became big enough to influence the polls became complex enough to be undermined, broken up, or bought outright by capable rich men. Socialistic and Popular, Reactionary and Purity Parties were all at last mere Stock Exchange counters, selling their principles to pay for their electioneering. And the great concern of the rich was naturally to keep property intact, the board clear for the game of trade. Just as the feudal concern had been to keep the board clear for hunting and war. The whole world was exploited; a battlefield of businesses; and financial convulsions, the scourge of currency manipulation, tariff wars, made more human misery during the twentieth century—because the wretchedness was dreary life instead of speedy death—than had war, pestilence, famine, in the darkest hours of earlier history.



His own part in the development of this time he now knew clearly enough. Through the successive phases in the development of this mechanical civilisation, aiding and presently directing its development, there had grown a new power, the Council, the board of his trustees. At first it had been a mere chance union of the millions of Isbister and Warming, a mere property-holding company, the creation of two childless testators' whims, but the collective talent of its first constitution had speedily guided it to a vast influence, until, by title deed, loan and share, under a hundred disguises and pseudonyms it had ramified through the fabric of the American and English States.

Wielding an enormous influence and patronage, the Council had early assumed a political aspect; and in its development it had continually used its wealth to tip the beam of political decisions and its political advantages to grasp yet more and more wealth. At last the party organisations of two hemispheres were in its hands; it became an inner council of political control. Its last struggle was with the tacit alliance of the great Jewish families. But these families were linked only by a feeble sentiment, at any time inheritance might fling a huge fragment of their resources to a minor, a woman or a fool, marriages and legacies alienated hundreds of thousands at one blow. The Council had no such breach in its continuity. Steadily, steadfastly it grew.

The original Council was not simply twelve men of exceptional ability; they fused, it was a council of genius. It struck boldly for riches, for political influence, and the two subserved each other; with amazing foresight it spent great sums of money on the art of flying, holding that invention back against an hour foreseen. It used the patent laws, and a thousand half-legal expedients, to hamper all investigators who refused to work with it. In the old days it never missed a capable man. It paid his price. Its policy in those days was vigorous—unerring, and against it as it grew steadily and incessantly was only the chaotic selfish rule of the casually rich. In a hundred years Graham had become almost exclusive owner of Africa, of South America, of France, of London, of England and all its influence—for all practical purposes that is—a power in North America—then the dominant power in America. The Council bought and organised China, drilled Asia, crippled the Old World empires, undermined them financially, fought and defeated them.

And this spreading usurpation of the world was so dexterously performed—a Proteus—hundreds of banks, companies, syndicates, masked their operations—that it was already far advanced before common men suspected the tyranny that had come. The Council never hesitated, never faltered. Means of communication, land, buildings, governments, municipalities, the territorial companies of the tropics, every human enterprise, it gathered greedily. And it drilled and marshalled its men, its railway police, its roadway police, its house guards, and drain and cable guards, its hosts of land-workers. Their unions it did not fight, but it undermined and betrayed and bought them. It bought the world at last. And, finally, its culminating stroke was the introduction of flying.

When the Council, in conflict with the workers in some of its huge monopolies, did something flagrantly illegal, the old Law looked about it for weapons. There were no more armies, no navies, the age of Peace had come. The only navies were the great steamships of the Council's Navigation Trust. The police forces they controlled, the police of the railways, of the ships, of their agricultural estates, their time-keepers and order-keepers, outnumbered the neglected little forces of the old county and municipal organisations ten to one. And they produced flying machines. There were men alive still who could remember the last great debate in the London House of Commons—the party against the Council was in a minority, but it made a desperate fight—and how the members came crowding out upon the terrace to see the great and unfamiliar winged shapes circling quietly overhead. The Council had soared to its power. The last pretence of democracy was at an end.

Within one hundred and fifty years of Graham's falling asleep, it had thrown off its disguises and ruled supreme in his name. Elections had become a cheerful formality, a septennial folly, an ancient unmeaning custom; a social Parliament as ineffectual as the convocation of the Established Church in Victorian times assembled now and then, and a legitimate King of England, disinherited, drunken and witless, played foolishly in a second-rate music-hall. So the magnificent dream of the nineteenth century, the noble project of universal individual liberty and universal happiness, touched by a disease of honour, crippled by a superstition of absolute property, had worked itself out in the face of invention and ignoble enterprise, first to a warring plutocracy, and finally to the rule of a supreme plutocrat. His Council at last had ceased even to trouble to have its decrees endorsed by the constitutional authorities, and he a motionless, sunken, yellow-skinned figure had lain, neither dead nor living, recognisably and immediately Master of the earth. And awoke at last to find himself—Master of that inheritance! Awoke to stand under the cloudless, empty sky and gaze down upon the greatness of his dominion. And now indeed he was face to face with the riddle of his fate.

To what end had he awakened? Was this city, this hive of hopeless toilers, the final refutation of his hope? Or was the fire of liberty, the fire that had blazed and waned in the years of his past life, still smouldering below there? He thought of the stir and impulse of the song of the revolution. Was that song merely the trick of a demagogue, to be forgotten when its purpose was served? Was the hope that still stirred within him only the memory of abandoned things, the vestige of a creed outworn? Or had it a wider meaning, an import interwoven with the destiny of man? To what end had he awakened? What things lay before him for him to do? Was his sleep, and this great city, and the miracle of his suspended life after all but the work of chance, the casual shaping of unmeaning things?

So this man from the nineteenth century wandered in the doubt-choked desert of his faith, seeking a refuge of belief, were it but a hiding place from his inexorable impossible sense of duty, and finding none. So he wandered, pursued by the greatness of his charge, by the knowledge of his own inadequacy. He knew too well the fluctuations of his will, the shifting sands of motive on which he had to build. And God was silent. "Could he be silent—" he cried, "could he be silent—and exist?" Yet at last his weakness overwhelmed him. He lifted his hands to heaven for strength, and doubting, desiring, denying, he prayed that ultimate last prayer of men, that hopeless prayer, that apology for the heart that fails, the prayer to the Unknown God.

A man and a woman were far below on a roof space to the southward enjoying the freshness of the morning air. The man had brought out a perspective glass to spy upon the Council House and was showing her how to use it. Presently their curiosity was satisfied, they could see no traces of bloodshed from their position, and after a survey of the empty sky she came round to the crowd's nest. And there she saw two little black figures, so small it was hard to believe they were men, one who watched and one who gesticulated with hands outstretched to the silent emptiness of Heaven.

She handed the glass to the man. He looked and exclaimed: "I believe it is the Master. Yes. I'm sure. It is the Master!"

He lowered the glasses and looked at her. "Waving his hands about almost as if he was worshipping. I wonder what he is up to. There weren't Parsees in this country in his time, were there?"

He looked again. "He's stopped it now. It was just a chance attitude, I suppose." He put down the glass and became meditative. "He won't have anything to do but enjoy himself. Ostrog will boss the show of course. Ostrog will have to, because of keeping all these Labourer fools in bounds. They and their song! And got it all by sleeping, dear eyes—just sleeping. It's a wonderful world."

## CHAPTER XV.

### PROMINENT PEOPLE

THE state apartments of the Wind-Vane Keeper would have seemed astonishingly intricate to Graham had he entered them fresh from his nineteenth-century life, but already he was growing accustomed to the scale of the new time. They can scarcely be described as halls and rooms, seeing that a complicated system of arches, bridges, passages, and galleries divided and united every part of the great space. He came out through one of the now familiar sliding panels upon a plateau of landing at the head of a flight of very broad and gentle steps, with men and women far more brilliantly dressed than any he had hitherto seen ascending and descending. From this position he looked down a vista of intricate ornament in lustreless white and mauve and purple, spanned by bridges that seemed wrought of porcelain and filigree, and terminating far off in a cloudy mystery of perforated screens.

Glancing upward, he saw tier above tier of ascending galleries, with faces looking down upon him. The air was full of the babble of innumerable voices and of a music that descended from above, a gay and exhilarating music whose source he never discovered.

The central aisle was thick with people, but by no means uncomfortably crowded; altogether that assembly must have numbered many thousands. They were brilliantly, even fantastically dressed, the men as fancifully as the women, the sobering influence of the Puritan conception of dignity upon masculine dress had at last passed altogether away. The hair of the men too, though it was rarely worn long, was commonly curled in a manner that suggested the barber, and baldness had vanished from the earth. Frizzy straight-cut masses that would have charmed Rossetti abounded, and one gentleman, who was pointed out to Graham under the mysterious title of an "amoris," wore his hair in two becoming plaits à la Marguerite. There was little uniformity of fashion apparent in the forms of clothing worn. The more shapely men displayed their symmetry in trunk hose, and here were puffs and slashes, and there a cloak and there a robe. The fashions of the days of Leo the Tenth were perhaps the prevailing influence. Masculine embonpoint, which, in Victorian times, would have been subjected to the tightly buttoned perils, the ruthless exaggeration of tight-legged, tight-armed evening dress, now formed but the basis of a wealth of dignity and drooping folds. Graceful slenderness abounded also. To Graham, a typically stiff man from a typically stiff period, not only did these men seem altogether too graceful in person, but altogether too expressive in their vividly expressive faces. They gesticulated, they expressed surprise, interest, amusement, above all, they expressed the emotions excited in their minds by the ladies about them with astonishing frankness. Even at the first glance it was evident that women were in a great majority.

The ladies in the company of these gentlemen displayed in dress, bearing and manner alike, less emphasis and more intricacy. Some affected a classical simplicity of robing and subtlety of fold, and flashed conquering arms and shoulders as Graham passed. Others had closely fitting dresses without seam or belt at the waist, sometimes with long folds falling from the shoulders. The delightful confidences of décolleté costume had not been diminished by the passage of two centuries, nor had the hygienic divided skirt prevailed.

Everyone's movements seemed graceful. Graham remarked to Lincoln that he saw men as Raphael's cartoons walking, and Lincoln told him that the attainment of an appropriate set of gestures was part of every rich person's education. The Master's entry was greeted with a sort of tittering applause, but these people showed their distinguished manners by not crowding upon him nor annoying him by any persistent scrutiny, as he descended the steps towards the floor of the aisle.

He had already learnt from Lincoln that these were the leaders of existing London society; almost every person there that night was either a powerful official or the immediate connexion of a powerful official. Many had returned from the European Pleasure Cities expressly to welcome him. The aeronautic authorities, whose defection had played a part in the overthrow of the Council only second to Graham's, were very prominent, and so, too, was the Wind Vane Control. Amongst others there were several of the more prominent officers of the Food Trust; the controller of the European Piggeries had a particularly melancholy and interesting countenance and a daintily-cynical manner. A bishop in full canonicals passed athwart Graham's vision, conversing with a gentleman dressed exactly like the traditional Dante, including even the laurel wreath.

"Who is that?" he asked almost involuntarily.

"The Bishop of London," said Lincoln.

"No—the other, I mean."

"Poet Laureate."

"You still—?"

"He doesn't write poetry, of course. He's a cousin of Wotton—one of the Councillors. But he's one of the Red Rose Royalists—a delightful club—and they keep up the tradition of these things."

"Asano told me there was a King."

"The King doesn't belong. They had to expel him. It's the Stuart blood, I suppose; but really—"

"Too much?"

"Far too much."

Graham did not quite follow all this, but it seemed part of the general inversion of the new age. He bowed condescendingly at his first introduction. It was evident that subtle distinction of class prevailed even in this assembly, that only to a small proportion of the guests, to an inner group, did Lincoln consider it appropriate to introduce him. This first introduction was to Master Aeronaut, a man whose sun-tanned face contrasted with the delicate complexions about him. Just at present his chief defection from the Council made him a very important person indeed.

His manner contrasted very favourably, according to Graham's ideas, with the general bearing. He made a few commonplace remarks, assurances of loyalty and frank inquiries about the Master's health. His manner was breezy, his accent lacked the easy staccato of latter-day English. He made it admirably clear to Graham that he was a bluff "aerial dog"—he used that phrase—that there was no nonsense about him, that he was a thoroughly manly fellow and old-fashioned at that, that he didn't pretend to know much, and that what he did not know was not worth knowing. He made a manly bow, ostentatiously free from obsequiousness, and passed.

"I am glad to see that type endures," said Graham.

"Phonographs and cinematographs," said Lincoln a little spitefully. "He has studied from the life." Graham glanced at the burly form again. It was oddly reminiscent.

"As a matter of fact we bought him," said Lincoln. "Partly. And partly he was afraid of Ostrog."

He turned sharply to introduce the Surveyor-General of the Public School Trust. This person was a willowy figure in a grey academic gown. He beamed down upon Graham through the haze of a Victorian pattern, and illustrated his remarks by gestures of a beautifully manicured hand. Graham was immediately interested in this gentleman's functions, and asked him a number of singularly direct questions. The Surveyor-General seemed quietly amused at the Master's fundamental bluntness. He was a little vague as to the monopoly of education his Company possessed; it was done by contract with the syndicate that ran the numerous London Municipalities, but he waxed enthusiastic over educational progress since the Victorian times. "We have conquered Cram," he said, "completely conquered Cram—there is not an Examination left in the world. Aren't you glad?"

"How do you get the work done?" asked Graham.

"We make it attractive—as attractive as possible. And if it does not attract then—we let it go. We cover an immense field."

He proceeded to details, and they had a lengthy conversation. The Surveyor-General mentioned the names of Pestalozzi and Froebel with profound respect, although he displayed no intimacy with their epoch-making works. Graham learnt that University Extension still existed in a modified form. "There is a certain type of girl, for example," said the Surveyor-General, dilating with a sense of his usefulness, "with a perfect passion for severe studies—when they are not too difficult. We cater for them by the thousand. At this moment," he said with a Napoleonic touch, "nearly five hundred phonographs are lecturing in different parts of London on the influence exercised by Plato and Swift on the love affairs of Shelley, Hazlitt, and Burns. And afterwards they write essays on the lectures, and the names in order of merit are put in conspicuous places. You see how your little germ has grown? The illiterate middle-class of your days has quite passed away."

"About the public elementary schools," said Graham. "Do you control them?"

The Surveyor-General did "entirely." Now, Graham, in his later democratic days, had taken a keen interest in these and his questioning quickened. Certain casual phrases that had fallen from the old man with whom he had talked in the darkness recurred to him. The Surveyor-General, in effect, endorsed the old man's words. "We have abolished Cram," he said, a phrase Graham was beginning to interpret as the abolition of all sustained work. The Surveyor-General became sentimental. "We try and make the elementary schools very pleasant for the little children. They will have to work so soon. They have to work so soon. Just a few simple principles—obedience—industry."

"You teach them very little?"

"Why should we?" It only leads to trouble and discontent. We amuse them. Even as it is—there are troubles—agitations. Where the labourers get the ideas, one cannot tell. They tell one another. There are socialistic dreams—anarchy even! Agitators will get to work among them. I take it—I have always taken it—that my foremost duty is to fight against popular discontent. Why should people be made unhappy?"

"I wonder," said Graham thoughtfully. "But there are a great many things I want to know."

Lincoln, who had stood watching Graham's face through the conversation, intervened. "There are others," he said in an undertone.

The Surveyor-General of schools gesticulated himself away. "Perhaps," said Lincoln, intercepting a casual glance, "you would like to know some of these ladies?"

The daughter of the Manager of the Piggeries of the European Food Trust was a particularly charming little person with red hair and animated blue eyes. Lincoln left him awhile to converse with her, and she displayed herself as quite an enthusiast for the "old times," as she called them, that had seen the beginning of her trance. As she talked she smiled, and her eyes smiled in a manner that demanded reciprocity.

"I have tried," she said, "countless times—to imagine those old romantic days. And to you—they are memories. How strange and crowded the world must seem to you! I have seen photographs and pictures of the old times, the little isolated houses built of bricks made out of burnt mud and all black with soot from your fires, the railway bridges, the simple advertisements, the solemn savage men in strange black coats and those tall hats of theirs, iron railway trains on iron bridges overhead, horses and cattle, and even dogs running half wild about the streets. And suddenly, you have come into this!"

"Into this," said Graham.

"Out of your life—out of all that was familiar."



"The old life was not a happy one," said Graham. "I do not get that."

She looked at him quickly. There was a brief pause. She smiled encouragingly. "No?"

"No," said Graham. "It was a little life—and unmeaning. This—We thought the world complex and crowded and full of things. Yet I see—although in this world I am barely twenty-four hours. Fancy a myriad myriad!"

"A myriad myriad. No wonder he looks proud," said Graham. "What a wonderful time it is! That man in purple?"

"He is not quite one of the inner circle, you know. But we like him. He is really clever, and very amusing. He is one of the men of the Medical Faculty of our London University. All the great men, you know, are shareholders in the Medical Faculty Company, and wear that purple. You have to be—to be qualified. But, of course, people who are paid by fees for doing something—"

She smiled away the pretensions of all such people. "Are any of your great artists or authors here?"

"No authors. They are mostly such queer little women—and so preoccupied about themselves. And they quarrel so dreadfully! But I think Wraybury, the fashionable capillotomist, is here. From Capri."

"Capillotomist," said Graham. "Ah, I remember. An artist! Why not?"

"We have to cultivate him," she said apologetically. "Our heads are in his hands." She smiled.

Graham hesitated at the invited compliment, but his glance was expressive. "Have the arts grown with the rest of civilised things?"

he said. "Who are your great painters?"

She looked at him doubtfully. Then laughed. "For a moment," she said, "I thought you meant—"

She laughed again. "You mean, of course, those good men you used to think so much of because they could cover great spaces of canvas with oil-colours? Great oblongs. And people used to put the things in gilt frames and hang them up in rows in their square rooms. We haven't any. People grew tired of that sort of thing."

"But what did you think I meant?"

She put a finger significantly on a cheek whose glow was above suspicion, and smiled and looked very arch and pretty and inviting. "And here," and she indicated her eyelid.

Graham had an adventurous moment. Then a grotesque memory of a picture he had somewhere seen of Uncle Toby and the Widow flashed across his memory. An archaic shame came upon him. He became acutely aware that he was visible to a great number of interested people. "I see," he remarked inadequately. He turned awkwardly away from her fascinating facility. He looked about him to meet a number of eyes that immediately occupied themselves with other things. Possibly he coloured a little. "Who is that talking with the lady in saffron?" he asked, avoiding her eyes.

The person in question he learnt was one of the great organisers of the American theatres just fresh from a gigantic production at Mexico. His face reminded Graham of a bust of Caligula. The little lady, in no degree embarrassed, pointed out to him a charming little woman beyond as one of the subsidiary wives of the aeronautic chief.

Graham was on the verge of hesitating inquiries about the status of a "subsidiary wife," apparently an euphemistic phrase, when Lincoln's return broke off this very suggestive and interesting conversation. They crossed the aisle to where a tall man in crimson, and two charming persons in Burmese costume (as it seemed to him) awaited him diffidently. From their civilities he passed to other presentations.

In a little while his multitudinous impressions began to organise themselves into a general effect. At first the glitter of the gathering had raised all the democrat in Graham; he had felt hostile and satirical. But it is not in human nature to resist an atmosphere of courteous regard. Soon the music, the light, the play of colours, the shining arms and shoulders about him, the touch of hands, the transient interest of smiling faces, the frothing sound of skillfully modulated voices, the atmosphere of compliment, interest and respect, had woven together into a fabric of indisputable pleasure. Graham for a time forgot his spacious resolutions. He gave way slowly to the intoxication of the position that was needed him, his manner became less conscious, more convincingly regal, his feet walked assuredly, the black robe fell with a bolder fold, and pride ennobled his voice. After all this was a brilliant, interesting world.

His glance went approvingly over the shifting colours of the people, it rested here and there in kindly criticism upon a face. Presently it occurred to him that he owed some apology to the charming little person with the red hair and blue eyes. He felt guilty of a clumsy snub. It was not princely to ignore her advances, even if his policy necessitated their rejection. He wondered if he should see her again. And suddenly a little thing touched all the glamour of this brilliant gathering and changed its quality.

He looked up and saw passing across a bridge of porcelain and looking down upon him, a face that was almost immediately hidden, the face of the girl he had seen overnight in the little room beyond the theatre after his escape from the Council. And she was looking with much the same expression of curious expectation, of uncertain intentness, upon his proceedings. For the moment he did not remember when he had seen her, and then with recognition came a vague memory of the stirring emotions of their first encounter. But the dancing

web of melody about him kept the air of that great marching song from his memory.

The lady to whom he was talking repeated her remark, and Graham recalled himself to the quasi-regal flirtation upon which he was engaged.

But from that moment a vague restlessness, a feeling that grew to dissatisfaction, came into his mind. He was troubled as if by some half-forgotten duty, by the sense of things important slipping from him amidst this light and brilliance. The attraction that these bright ladies who crowded about him were beginning to exercise ceased. He no longer made vague and clumsy responses to the subtly amorous advances that he was now assured were being made to him, and his eyes wandered for another sight of that face that had appealed so strongly to his sense of beauty. But he did not see her again until he was awaiting Lincoln's return to leave this assembly. In answer to his request Lincoln had promised that an attempt should be made to fly that afternoon, if the weather permitted. He had gone to make certain necessary arrangements.

Graham was in one of the upper galleries in conversation with a bright-eyed lady on the subject of Eadhamite—the subject was his choice and not hers. He had interrupted her warm assurances of personal devotion with a matter-of-fact inquiry. He found her, as he had already found several other latter-day women that night, less well informed than charming. Suddenly, struggling against the eddying drift of nearer melody, the song of the Revolt, the great song he had heard in the Hall, hoarse and massive, came beating down to him.

He glanced up startled, and perceived above him an *œil de bœuf* through which this song had come, and beyond the upper courses of cable, the blue haze, and the pendant fabric of the lights of the public ways. He heard the song break into a tumult of voices and cease. But now he perceived quite clearly the drone and tumult of the moving platforms and a murmur of many voices. He had a vague persuasion that he could not account for, a sort of instinctive feeling that outside in the ways a huge crowd must be watching this place in which their Master amused himself. He wondered what they might be thinking of him.

Though the song had stopped so abruptly, though the special music of this gathering reasserted itself, the *motif* of the marching song, once it had begun, lingered in his mind.

The bright-eyed lady was still struggling with the mysteries of Eadhamite when he perceived the girl he had seen in the theatre again. She was coming now along the gallery towards him; he saw her first before she saw him. She was dressed in a faintly luminous grey, her dark hair about her brows was like a cloud, and as he saw her the cold light from the circular opening into the ways fell upon her downcast face.

The lady in trouble about the Eadhamite saw the change in his face, and grasped her opportunity. "Would you care to know that girl, Sir?" she asked boldly. "She is Helen Wotton—a niece of Ostrog's. She knows a great many serious things. She is one of the most serious persons alive. I am sure you will like her."

In another moment Graham was talking to the girl, and the bright-eyed lady had fluttered away.

"I remember you," said Graham. "You were in that little room. When all the people were singing and beating time with their feet. Before I walked across the hall."

Her momentary embarrassment passed. She looked up at him, and her face was steady. "It was wonderful," she said, hesitated, and spoke with a sudden effort. "All those people would have died for you, Sir. Countless people did die for you that night."

Her face glowed. She glanced swiftly aside to see that no other heard her words.

Lincoln appeared some way off along the gallery, making his way through the press towards them. She saw him, and turned to Graham strangely eager, with a swift change to confidence and intimacy. "Sir," she said quickly, "I cannot tell you now and here. But the common people are very unhappy; the common people are very unhappy. They are oppressed—they are misgoverned. Do not forget the people, who faced death—death that you might live."

"I know nothing—"

"I cannot tell you now."

Lincoln's face appeared close to them.

"You find the new world pleasant, Sir?" asked Lincoln, with smiling deference, and indicating the space and splendour of the gathering by one comprehensive gesture. "At any rate, you find it changed?"

"Yes," said Graham, "changed. And yet, after all, not so greatly changed."

"Wait till you are in the air," said Lincoln. "The wind has fallen; even now the aeroplane awaits you."

Graham glanced at the girl, was on the verge of a question, found a warning in her expression, bowed to her and turned to accompany Lincoln.

(To be continued)

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY.

ANOTHER Dickens landmark is going or in process of transformation. Do you remember David Copperfield when a small boy going into a public-house and saying to the landlord, "What is your best—your *very best*—ale a glass?" for it was a special occasion—I don't know what. It may have been my birthday. 'Twopence halfpenny,' says the landlord, 'is the price of the Genuine Stunning ale.' 'Then,' says I, producing the money, 'just draw me a glass of the Genuine Stunning, if you please, with a good head to it.' This scene took place in the Old Red Lion in Parliament Street—a tavern of the good old genuine sort, but little changed since the days of Charles Dickens. The incident was founded on a personal experience of his own, which is detailed in a letter in Forster's "Life," and wherein he clearly shows that the hostelry above alluded to was the actual scene of the occurrence. I never go up or down Parliament Street and pass this corner house—occasionally I have gone within the portals in order to realise the scene more completely—but I think of the episode above quoted. Going by the place only yesterday, I saw huge struts of timber supporting the house and a hoarding in course of erection and all the signs of extensive repairs and renovation. I sincerely trust the good old place is not going to be pulled down and some lofty mansion erected in its stead. It is, indeed, to be hoped that nothing but substantial repairs are requisite, and that the form of the place and the fine flavour of old fashion will not pass away—but I own I tremble to think another Dickens landmark may shortly be passing away altogether.

The other day I heard of a club where it was proposed to introduce the phonograph into the smoking-room. It is sincerely to be hoped this innovation will not become general, and that all the trivialities of talk that usually occur in such places will not be permanently registered. On the other hand it would, perhaps, be advantageous to show the world that the talk in these retreats is not so witty as writers of novels and plays would lead us to suppose, and it would certainly demonstrate to the bore what a terrible nuisance he was, and convince the would-be "brilliant conversationalist" how nearly he approached the silly ass.

In the first number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* I had the satisfaction of glorifying Jonas Chuzzlewit to the extent of a considerable number of closely printed pages wherein I also warmly advocated that a statue to his memory should be erected in London. Well-nigh six years have passed away and that suggestion has not been yet carried out. But there is no reason why it should not be. Jonas, it may be recollected, was an enthusiastic believer in the value of gratuitous exhibition, and he rightly held that all the shows that you could see for nothing were infinitely more pleasant and profitable than those for which you had to pay your money at the door. He was emphatically right. Often and often have I paid half a guinea for a stall at a theatre and been unutterably bored—it would have been cheaper and much more comfortable to have slumbered in an easy chair at a club—while I have seen a free chance exhibition in the street which has been provocative of infinite amusement and instruction. These free shows I am glad to find are continually on the increase, and if you are properly constituted and have an observant eye, amusement in London need never cost you a single penny. The latest among these free exhibitions I enjoyed prodigiously the other day in Bond Street. That was a number of ladies going to and departing from the photographer's to be pictured in their Court dresses prior to the Drawing Room. This afforded great delight to an infinite number of people, who were enthusiastic in their applause, and enjoyed the whole spectacle exceedingly.

With regard to a new edition of the novels of Jane Austen, Mr. Grant Richards states that he "has felt that this edition could gain no advantage from the interposition between the reader and the novels themselves of work from an alien hand—in other words there are neither introductions nor notes." Doubtless this is a step in the right direction. There are many people that hold that as good wine needs no bush, an eminent author requires no introduction, and they will welcome the above announcement most warmly. Of course there are cases when an introduction is acceptable, but then it is in the case either of very ancient and obscure authors whom people of the present day know very little about, or of some modern writers, whose meaning—even if they are acquainted with it themselves—is by no means clear to their readers. In these cases no doubt an introduction is valuable, and if accompanied with copious explanatory notes, could scarcely fail to be in the highest degree satisfactory.

## The Loss of a Liner

THE Royal Mail Steamer *Labrador*, belonging to the Dominion Line, ran on the Mackenzie Rock, about four miles off Skerryvore Lighthouse in the Hebrides. She was bound from Halifax, Nova Scotia, for Liverpool, and had on board sixty-four passengers, making with the crew a total of 156, and though the vessel became a total wreck, not one single soul was lost. As she neared the British coast she ran into very thick weather, and no sights could be taken for three days. The position of the vessel could only be determined by compass and log distance. By reason of the currents this could not be relied on for accuracy, and the steamer when she struck was a long way out of her course. When the disaster happened the crew displayed the most absolute discipline. All the women and children were lowered into one of the ship's lifeboats before a man got in. The lifeboat made for Skerryvore Lighthouse, where the passengers were landed. The lighthouse is on an exposed lonely rock about twelve miles west of Tiree. The rest of the passengers and crew were picked up by the steamer *Viking* (from Glasgow to Stornoway), and were landed at Tobermory.



SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE IN THE HEBRIDES, NEAR WHICH THE LINER "LABRADOR" WAS WRECKED

From a Sketch by Colonel Gore-Booth, R.E.





THE CARNIVAL IN ROME: THE FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE ARTISTS' CLUB IN THE COSTANTINI THEATRE





DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

A Correspondent writes:—"On December 29 H.M.S. *Grifone*, late flagship of Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald, left Singapore with the dredger *St. Zeeck* in tow. For the first two days the weather was good, but for the whole of the succeeding week she was steaming against the North-East monsoon, experiencing heavy weather and severe gales. Distances run for the twenty-four hours varied from 18 to 22 miles. Oil was used night and day in the endeavour to save the seas for the dredger,

and much anxiety was felt by Captain Fisher for her safety. With great difficulty Kamaugh Bay, in French territory, near Saigon, was reached on January 7, where an extra hawser was attached and sundry repairs effected. The cruiser suffered very little damage, but the dredger was not so fortunate, for, besides losing her starboard boat and upper deck gear, the continual strain and heavy seas loosened many of her rivets, so that for the whole time she had from four to five feet

of water in the engine-rooms. She is a comparatively new dredger, having been previously at work at Malta. The *Grifone* with her charge arrived safely in Hong Kong on January 12, having taken the abnormal time of fifteen days on the trip up. Repairs are being hurriedly pushed forward on the *St. Zeeck*, in order that she may proceed as soon as possible to her destination, Wei-hai-Wei, where she is urgently required."

FROM A SKETCH BY CECIL E. VINNING, R.N.

NAVAL DUTIES IN THE FAR EAST: FROM FLAGSHIP TO TUGBOAT



## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE.

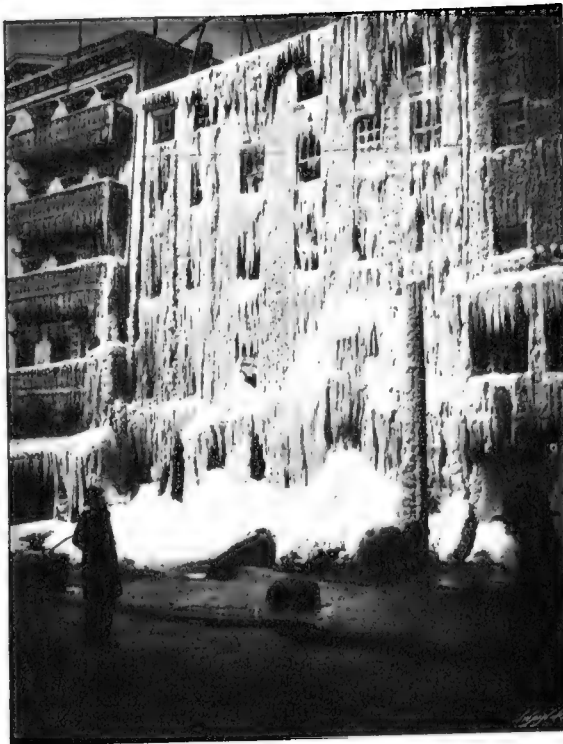
A BRITISH *prima donna* is a *rara avis*, therefore it is pleasing to record the success recently achieved by Miss Macintyre at Monte Carlo, where she sang *Aida*, one of the most fatiguing of parts, before a critical and delighted audience. English singers as a rule have not aspired higher than the concert room, or perhaps an English opera company, for the physical strength to sing in grand operas, as well as the volume of voice required, make up a combination rarely found in England, whether from the damp of the climate or from other causes.

The Chinese dogs commonly called chows are well known to be shy and wild and difficult to rear, but an adventure which befell a dog of this species sounds too strange to be true. It seems that the dog when out walking with his mistress was frightened by something, and set off running at full speed. He was soon missed in the crowded street, and no inquiries or rewards offered availed to find him. This was in December last, and now he has at last been found in the park, where he has habitually roamed and picked up what sustenance he could, near the park-keeper's lodge, in company of another dog. That this foreign animal should have supported itself through the winter in a semi-wild state, foraging for food as best it could, shows the distinct reversion to the savage state, and proves that these dogs are not really domestic pets like our own. No doubt, in their own country they are but little removed from the pariah dog, whose office is that of scavenger, though they may have been imported, and recently valued as animals of great price. An English dog would either have died from exposure, or have sought to enter a friendly house, whereas this one, when lost on a previous occasion, cheerfully roamed the country woods for over a week, catching rabbits and eating them.

New fashions always originate on the stage in Paris. Theatrical costumes tax all the invention and the ingenuity of the French dressmaker, while price is no object. The latest display of novelties was given by Madame Réjane in the new play just produced. Madame Réjane is not beautiful, but she wears her clothes with rare elegance and grace, and is fully aware of the value of straight lines and flowing drapery. All her new gowns are very clinging, and made of gossamer materials, as impractical as they are artistic. Spangled gauzes, embroidered nets, cloth and lace are the latest productions used. One needs a perfect figure and a natural ease of movement to wear such diaphanous materials. One needs also a big purse, for the embroideries, the jewelled stuffs, the laces and furs are all of the most expensive and perishable nature. On the stage these things do not matter, but for the average woman dress becomes every day a more serious problem. Hats and toques, too, are composed of jewelled and spangled gauze made in a flat turban shape at the back, and very high with tufts of feathers and flowers in front.

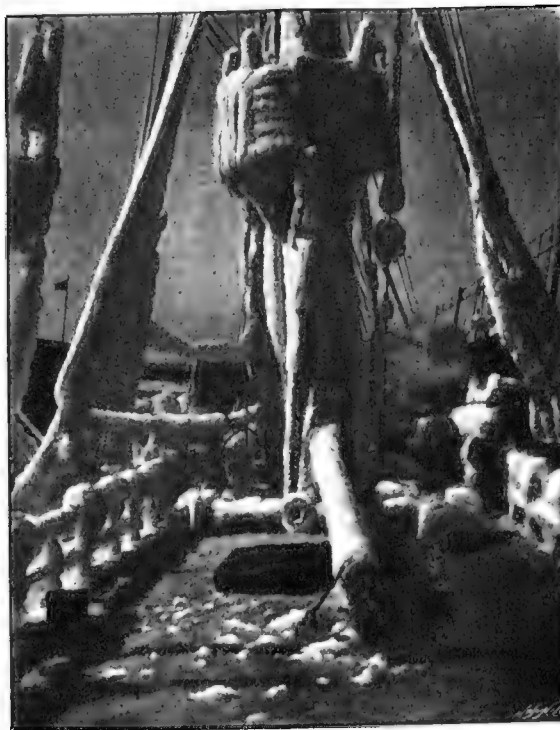
Fortunately for the women of the present day no limit is officially placed on their expenditure. It was different formerly, when the "smart" woman was reduced to a nonentity. In the days of Henry I. of France a man needed to be a duke or an earl in order to give his wife four gowns a year, and only ladies of the highest quality were allowed to buy stuffs at thirty pence a yard. Henry IV. passed an edict forbidding gold and silver cloth to be worn by his subjects, "excepting," said he with grim humour, "in the case of women of bad character and thieves, who do not interest us enough for us to care what they wear." Henry II. of France was the first King who wore silk stockings, and then only at his sister's wedding.

That auto-motor cars, like horses, can display their "cussedness" and run away with their masters is now conclusively proved. The sad accident at Hampstead Road, its comic counterpart at Nice, when a motor-car left standing at the door of a house suddenly took it into its head to run away. The coachman scampered after it shouting, but only succeeded in getting himself run over, while the carriage proceeded on its mad career, fortunately hurting no one,



THE WHITEHALL HOTEL, SOUTH STREET, AFTER THE FIRE

till it collided with a lamp-post and came to a standstill. Runaway hansoms were bad enough, but a runaway motor opens gruesome and Titanic possibilities for the future, for who would dare to stop a runaway steam-engine, even though, like a groom of my acquaintance, he had a special facility for seizing the reins and bringing runaway steeds to a standstill?



THE DECK OF THE "GERMANIC" AS SHE ARRIVED

A niece of Ismail Pasha's, and a leading lady in Egyptian society, has, it seems, had the courage to break down the bonds of years of religious convention and to throw open the doors of the harem to a mixed European society. To thoroughly appreciate what a revolution in morals this means, and the degree of courage required for such an innovation, it is necessary to be conversant with the seclusion observed in Oriental families, where the mention of a wife is tabooed, and where ladies only walk or drive abroad thickly veiled, never associating with any men except those of their own family. A lady who unveiled, received male visitors was hitherto regarded as a shameless person, in Egypt especially where even the veils worn are thicker and more impenetrable than in Turkey. The seclusion of the harem has always been considered an institution which no ruler would dare to tamper with. Now that an Egyptian Princess has herself set the fashion of appearing in mixed society, the practice will no doubt by degrees filter into other circles, and it is hard to guess what in years to come may be the result of so stupendous a change in social habits.

A black and white Drawing Room sounds gloomy, yet in reality it is not so. White is the colour for *débutantes*, of which there are always a number at the first Drawing Rooms, and those who stand near Royalty, and have an opportunity of observing the pageants, are united in declaring that women never look so well as when dressed in black. It shows up the fair complexions, and dissimulates the ravages of time. Then there are the infinite gradations and harmonies of grey, black and white, and violet, from the deepest purple to the most delicate tint of lavender. Mauve is very becoming to the fair, the golden, and even the grey locks, and a deep violet may be worn by a beauty with high colouring. On this occasion the changes were rung on black lace and white lace robes, as shown by Lady Downshire and Mrs. Montgomery, black velvet, white satin, the favourite attire of brides, mousseline de sole and such gauzy stuffs as chiffon and tulle. The effect, if subdued, was refined, in good taste, and certainly not monotonous. A very beautiful result might be obtained if all Drawing Rooms were conducted on the same lines. For instance, a blue Drawing Room, a pink one, or a white one. The rainbow-like hues and the frequent discords in colour often render a gaily dressed assemblage of ladies more garish than beautiful.

## The Great Blizzard

THE mail from New York has brought photographs of the effects of the blizzard which recently visited the United States. New York was ice-bound, and only the most powerful of the great ocean liners were able to force their way into the harbour. The temperature fell until it was two degrees below the lowest recorded in the former blizzard of eleven years ago, and on board the liners crossing during the storm the thermometer stood at zero. The condition of the White Star liner *Germanic*, when she broke her way into the harbour several days overdue, was such as to defy description. The accompanying photographs will help to give an idea of her Arctic appearance. The vessel was solidly armoured in ice, her hull, decks and rigging forward being covered to the depth of some twelve inches. On the forward deck, indeed, where tons of ice had collected in layers, the depth was two feet. Her bridge and bulkhead below were buried. The rails and stays were all thick with ice, and her lifeboats were no longer distinguishable, their outline and that of the davits being lost in the accumulation of frozen spray and snow. For eleven days she had battled with gales and hurricanes. Fortunately the vessel managed to reach port, for while lying in the harbour she careened over under the enormous weight of ice and sank at her berth. In New York itself the snow fell to a depth of several feet, while here and there it drifted to a depth of from ten to twenty feet. The cold was intense. After a fire which had broken out at the Whitehall Hotel in South Street had been extinguished, the building presented a very curious sight, being covered with ice, the water having frozen as it fell.



THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE ON THE "GERMANIC" ON HER ARRIVAL



THE LIFEBOAT ON THE "GERMANIC" WHEN SHE ARRIVED

## EFFECTS OF THE RECENT BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK

From Photographs by James Burton, New York



The London School Board

By HONNOR MORTEN

THE members of the London School Board number fifty-five, and they meet every Thursday afternoon in solemn conclave at the offices on the Victoria Embankment. The public are admitted to the Board meetings, and they come in goodly numbers and crowd the galleries, and then they go away with a false impression that what they have seen and heard represents the work of the Board. It doesn't; the work of the Board is done in committee—is done every day of the week and all day long; and the member who does his or her duty has no time for other labours. Take the following list of committees for one day:—

30th JANUARY, 1899	
10 a.m.	Special Schools, Sub S.M.
11 a.m.	On Teaching Staff of Higher Grade (and Higher Standard) Schools, Sub Special Subjects of Instruction, Sub S.M.
11 a.m.	Pupil Teachers, Sub S.M.
Noon	Teaching Staff, Sub S.M.
1.30 p.m.	Requisitions, Sub S.M.
2 p.m.	Contracts, Special Sub W.
2.30 p.m.	Works Committee.
2.30 p.m.	On Underfed Children, Sub G.P.
3.30 p.m.	Evening Continuation Schools, Sub S.M.
3.30 p.m.	On Solicitor's Contract, Special Sub G.P.

to the wealth of the community." Before leaving dry facts attention must be called to all the work the Board does in its special centres of blind, deaf, and mentally defective children; in its evening schools, which teach some 50,000 adults, and in its truant and industrial schools, where it tries to reclaim the incipient criminal.

The present Board was elected in November, 1897, and has a strong Progressive majority; the last Board had a weak Moderate majority, and suffered sadly from obstruction and congestion. Its agenda paper used to run to 250 pages folio, and items would appear again and again for months. The present Board clears up its paper every week, it has never yet tried to define Christianity, and has once or twice actually debated educational subjects. The Chairman, Lord Reay, is noted for a kindly humour, and a quiet influence which is ever on the side of economy and efficiency; he is no mere figure-head to the Thursday debates; last year he attended not only thirty-three meetings of the Board, but also 189 committee meetings, and frequently presided over conferences concerning swimming, libraries, and all those appendages which make our Board Schools really civilising centres and not mere educational machines. *The Graphic* artist has pictured the Board in its usual state of unrest and utter disregard of the person speaking; but when Lord Reay makes his annual statement the Board sits down and listens—and is fully rewarded. But by far the strongest personality on the Board is the Vice-Chairman—the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley. A teachers' paper was reduced to tears at Christmas over what it called the absolute domination of Mr. Stanley on every committee. It is a subject not for tears but for content. When a man thoroughly knows his subject, when he devotes his whole energy and ability to the children's cause, what

for Lord Beauchamp. He knows how to follow, so can certainly lead.

The Chairmen of the big Committees are Mr. Graham Wallas (School Management), Lord Morpeth (Works), Sir Charles Elliott (Finance), Mr. Copeland Bowie (Attendance), Mr. Whiteley (General Purposes), and Mr. Shephard (Industrial Schools).

There are ninety-nine clerks in the School Management Department, and about the same number in each of the other departments. Why men of ability should give up their whole time to managing vast businesses which bring them in neither money nor glory cannot be explained on any Schopenhauer theory; readers of Rudyard Kipling who know that there is "joy in the working," and that the nineteenth century has some equivalent for the old Puritan conscience, may perhaps understand it.

The eight women on the Board are notable rather for their amiability than their originality, for their persistence rather than their power. They have been put in their proper places by the men, and they meekly stay there. But some day soon there is going to be a revolt! The mass of the Board is *bourgeois* at the best; if a member doesn't come from the East End and drop the initial "h," he probably comes from the far West and drops the final "g." No one who listens to the Thursday debates can imagine that the members are elected because of their educational acquirements. Indeed, popular election so obviously fails to put the right person in the right place that it would be well to substitute the Chinese plan of election by examination, and then perhaps the School Board for London might bring the educational system of the biggest city in the world up to the level attained by every Norwegian village.



M. Marcel Habert M. Cochefert

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE AGITATORS IN PARIS: THE POLICE RAIDING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LIGUE DES PATRIOTES  
DRAWN BY PAUL DESTIEZ

Doesn't this prove that there ought to be an eight hours day for Board members? And remember that the member is also expected to attend the opening of new schools, prize-givings, and what not, which take place in his division, and which are nearly always held in the evening.

The number of children between the ages of three and thirteen scheduled in London last year was 833,008—getting very close up to the million. How far England's future depends on the influence brought to bear on this million of coming citizens, it were impossible to over-estimate. The decrease in crime which has so steadily accompanied the increase in education is most noteworthy. Forster's Education Act was passed in 1870. The following is the average of the population sent to prison from then till now:—

Year	No.
1869 ... ..	9.4 per 1,000
1879 ... ..	6.9 " "
1889 ... ..	3.3 " "
1899 ... ..	2.4 " "

And please remember that the average cost of a Board scholar is £2 6s. 0d. per annum, and of a convict £39 16s. 2d.; and then forgive the London School Board for its heavy rate, and believe with canny old John Knox that "Every scholar made is an addition

better can the Board do than accept his leadership? Present circumstances in the political world prove that it isn't always easy to get a leader. Those who have one should thank Heaven fasting rather than take to grumbling. The members who remember the rancour and ill-feeling of the last Board, who remember the midnight sittings and the obstructed business, are thoroughly appreciative of the present "peace that passeth under Stanley."

Mr. Stanley attended 461 committees last year; and he doesn't stroll in and count an attendance and stroll out again; he rushes in with a marked agenda and plunges into the important points, and hurries the Chairman over the unimportant ones. "Get on! get on!" is his favourite exclamation; and the Board has got on, done more business in the last eighteen months than in the previous six years.

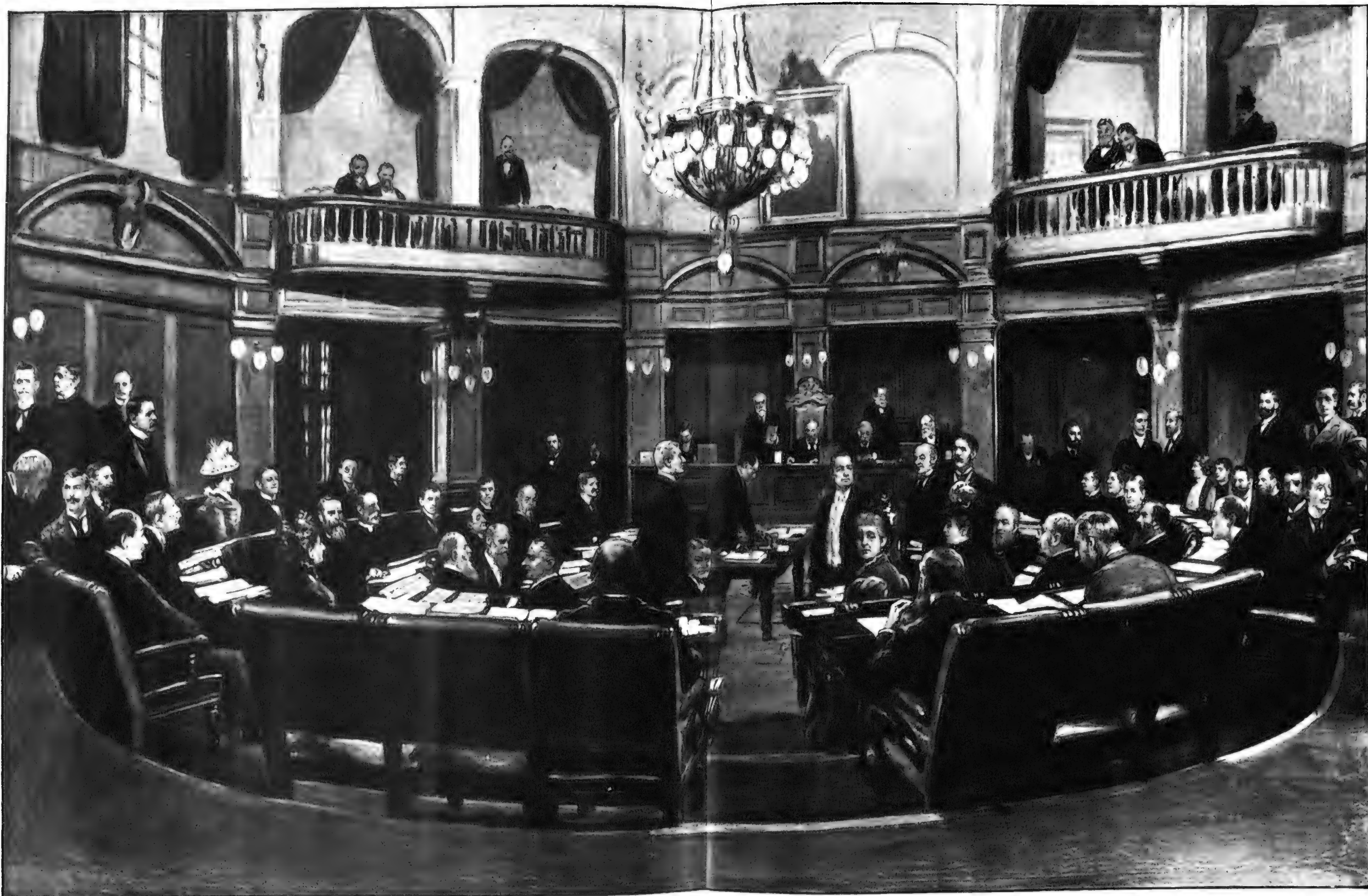
Mr. Evelyn Cecil, who led the "Church" party, was ever hard-working, conscientious and courteous, and his recent resignation is a cause of regret to all. His departure leaves only one M.P. on the Board—the member for West Bradford.

There is one County Councillor on the Board—Mr. Costello. Lord Beauchamp's appointment as Governor of New South Wales robs the Board of one of its youngest and most promising members. Diffidence and ability point to a prominent career

The Dreyfus Case

THE death of President Faure and his State funeral threw into the background for a time the interminable "Affaire Dreyfus," but it has come to the front again, and the papers once more devote columns to the case. Each day brings its fresh development. M. Paul Déroutède's escapade has led the Government to make a series of domiciliary visits, and the police have seized the archives of the Ligue des Patriotes, the Ligue Anti-sémitique, the Ligue de la Jeunesse Royaliste, the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme, the Ligue des Intérêts de la Défense Nationale, and the Comité Plébiscitaire de la Seine (a Bonapartist organisation). All this elaborate police machinery set in motion has caused much discontent. Thirty or forty leaguers of various descriptions have been routed out of bed in the early morning by the police, and even the friends of M. Dupuy wonder what he expects to gain by the harvest of papers the police have collected. In the meantime the case of the unhappy Colonel Picquart has made progress. The Court of Cassation has decided that the Military Court can only try him on the Boulot and carrier pigeon charges, and that all other charges must be referred to civil tribunals. As the first-named are of no gravity, the decision practically takes the whole case out of the hands of the General Staff.





1. MR. MARK MAYHEW
2. MR. THOMAS HUGGETT
3. MR. W. C. BRIDGEMAN
4. MR. EVELYN CECIL, M.P.
5. MR. HENRY C. GOOCH
6. MR. J. A. MURRAY MACDONALD
7. MR. ERNEST FLOWER, M.P.
8. MAJOR SKINNER
9. MRS. DIBBIN
10. MR. D. H. KYD
11. MR. J. A. MURRAY MACDONALD
12. MR. THOMAS HUGGETT
13. MRS. MAHEW
14. REV. F. STURER CLARK
15. REV. R. F. HOSKIN
16. MR. W. W. THOMPSON
17. MR. ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD
18. REV. CANON INGRAM
19. REV. CANON ALLEN EDWARDS
20. MR. CHARLES ELLIOTT

21. MR. J. CRISWELL
22. REV. W. COPELAND BOWEN
23. MR. GRAHAM WATSON
24. REV. H. RUSSELL WATFIELD
25. MR. WILLIAM WINN
26. REV. EDWARD D. HADLAM
27. VISCOUNT MORPETH
28. REV. ARTHUR W. JEPHSON
29. HON. E. L. STANLEY (Vice-Chairman)
30. LORD REAY, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E. (Chair)



31. MR. G. H. COLE (Clerk of the Board)
32. MR. JOHN LOBB
33. MRS. FRANCIS HOMAN
34. MR. J. MOLL-WORTH I. LUMPHREY
35. MR. JAMES WILSON SHARP
36. MR. EDMUND BARNES
37. MRS. DALEY
38. REV. EDWARD SCHNADHORST
39. MR. GEORGE S. WARMINGTON

40. MR. THOMAS AITKEN
41. MR. JOHN SINCLAIR
42. MISS EVE
43. MISS MCKEE
44. MR. G. G. LEVISON-GOWER
45. MR. WALTER H. KEY
46. MR. FRIDRICK DAVIES
47. REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON
48. MRS. BRIDGES-ADAMS

49. MISS HONOR MORTON
50. MR. CHARLES BOWDEN
51. REV. WILLIAM F. BROWN
52. REV. J. SCOTT LIDGETT
53. MR. B. F. C. COSTELLOE
54. MR. T. J. MACNAMARA
55. REV. JOHN WILSON
56. PAUL BEAUCHAMP
57. MR. WILLIAM HENRY LIDSON

THE SCHOOL BOARD FOR LONDON: A SITTING AT THE OFFICES ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET



## An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

I REFERRED a week or two ago to the apparent misconception by the English public of what memorial sculpture might and should be—of that sort of memorial sculpture, that is to say, in which the note of triumph should by necessity be sounded. One of the finest works of this kind will be found to be that now in progress to the memory of Lord Leighton. In this work Mr. Brock has achieved a masterpiece—not only because the design is superb, the sentiment nobly expressed, and the whole arrangement worthy of the great President, and of the Cathedral in which it is to be raised, but because the sculptor has succeeded in uniting the monumental quality necessary to such a work with that human and romantic feeling, the vital force, which gives life to the marble and the bronze. The figure of the dead, one might almost say of the sleeping, artist lies upon a bronze sarcophagus, decorated with freely treated acanthus. This is erected upon four supports that rest upon the needful plinths; while at the head is seated Painting;

Word has gone around the art-Press of Europe that as the owners of the great series of Fragonards, recently on view in Bond Street, could not sell their pictures for the price of 75,000*l.*, they had organised a raffle in which there were 750 tickets at 100*l.* apiece, and that all these tickets had been taken up. The idea is ingenious—but groundless. The pictures are no longer in the market, and at the present moment a room is being constructed on the exact plan of that of Madame du Barry, which was originally to have received them—and there they will henceforth remain to decorate their exquisite casket.

A new art paper, quaintly styled *Heads and Hands*, is about to make its appearance. It is surprising how many such papers come out—and go in again, most of them. Within recent years we have seen (apart from one or two striking successes) *The Art Weekly*, *The Art World*, *The Scottish Art Review*, *The Western Art Student*, *Sculpture*, and I know not how many more; but the survivals are few indeed. The truth is that the art public is small, and conservative.

On one point the Royal Academy has long been in agreement with the general public. The architectural room has given wall space to drawings of ancient work and similar attractive but unpractical exhibits. Henceforward, it is to be only devoted to original designs—its proper function; and it is to be hoped that with this

## The Season at Dublin Castle

IN the summer of 1895 all Dublin welcomed a new Viceroy in the Right Hon. Earl Cadogan, not only for his own sake, but because that, with him, came a Vicereine well fitted to fill this high and responsible position. For three years Ireland had felt the want of a woman to take her part as leader of social functions, and still more, to use her influence in the cause of charity and good works.

From his public entry into Dublin on his arrival in Ireland, Lord Cadogan made a good impression. He was but little known in Ireland, although in England he had made his name in the political world. He began his public career as M.P. for Bath, for which place he was returned in 1873. He did not sit in the House of Commons, however, for more than a few months, for soon after his election he was called to the Upper House on the death of his father. But the promotion did not interfere with his pursuing the career he had chosen, and in 1875 he became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War. After three years in that position he gathered more experience by being made Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Colonies. From 1886 to 1892 he was Lord Privy Seal. And when the present Government came into power he was selected as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. A happier choice could hardly have been made. His genial manners and his evident



THE RIGHT HON. EARL CADOGAN, K.G., LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin



THE COUNTESS CADOGAN

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin

personified, and, at the foot, Sculpture. I do not describe further, for the work should come to the public as a surprise; but there is little doubt that here Mr. Brock has wrought his masterpiece, which will be hailed alike by lovers of the classic, Renaissance and modern. The sculptor will find it hard to surpass himself in the memorial to Millais, though it be but a statue, which has also been placed in his competent hands.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert, too, has also just completed and despatched to India a replica of his *chef-d'œuvre* in statuary—the colossal bronze statue of the Queen which he originally designed for Winchester. I remember how profoundly M. Rodin was impressed when he first beheld this work. "It is considered to be the finest work," said a friend, "which has been executed in England during the century." "England!—the Century!" echoed the enthusiastic sculptor. "I tell you it is the finest work of its kind ever executed in the world!"

The uncovering of the painted walls of Wolsey's Closet at Hampton Court, by which the decorations have been revealed, has been regarded by the Press in the light of a discovery, and has been commented upon accordingly. Yet it is difficult to appreciate the reason, for early prints and drawings of the private apartments of the Cardinal exhibit wall-paintings—as you may see, if I remember aright, in Mr. Law's book upon the Palace.

very proper limitation the Academy may assume a somewhat more serious position in respect of Architecture than what the architectural body have hitherto been able to allow it.

Humour in metal—that is to say, in relief plaques—does not often justify itself. The sentiment of a work should always bear due relation to the dignity of the material; that is a safe rule, and, to those who think the matter over, an obvious one. But an exception is to be made in the case of Mr. Frank Lutiger's silvered copper translations of Mr. E. T. Reed's most successful "Prehistoric Peeps"—"Primeval Billiards" and "The First Hansom Cab." It is remarkable to see how the sculptor has maintained the fun of the designs while maintaining a proper degree of technical excellence. Mr. Lutiger is, I understand, a sculptor of Lucerne lately come amongst us.

Lord Wemyss lately wrote to the *Times*, hoping that "the grandest site available for ornamentation" should be taken full advantage of. Lord Wemyss went little further in explanation; but I can state that what he would like to see is, on the vacant site opposite the Horse Guards, a twin building to the Banqueting Hall erected, and the new structure linked to Inigo Jones's with a sort of crowning Bridge of Sighs thrown across the roadway. The architectural effect, he thinks, would be superb: it certainly would be picturesque.

interest in the people have endeared him to the warm-hearted Irish, who also admire him for his love of sport. A Lord-Lieutenant who is constantly seen in public, at church, in the hunting field, on the racecourse, or in the theatre, is sure to be popular, and Lord Cadogan will be sadly missed when his term of office comes to an end.

From the first also Lady Cadogan found a place in the hearts of the Irish people. As wife of the Lord-Lieutenant she is second to no past Vicereine in dignity and charm, and her reign compares favourably even with that of Lady Londonderry. All State entertainments have been exceptionally brilliant, and at the first Drawing Room in 1896 the number of ladies presented was quite unprecedented in the annals of the Irish Court. It is said that the dresses and jewels worn were more strikingly beautiful than any seen here since the Princess of Wales's visit in 1885.

It is as a woman of tact and sympathy that Lady Cadogan's chief charm lies. She invariably knows the right thing to say, and has a gift for putting shy people at their ease. At the official dinners given at the Castle, she makes a rule of saying a few words to every lady present, and the writer never admired her more than when hearing her discuss the absorbing subjects of dress, servants and babies, with a shy young matron on one of these occasions!

Her smile is particularly sweet and genial, and she evidently has a keen sense of humour—which is shared by Lord Cadogan—both



are constant attendants at the theatre here, and the Viceregal boxes are often entirely filled by the Cadogan family, including the two handsome schoolboys from Eton.

One of the most striking characteristics of Lady Cadogan is her marvellous activity of mind and body. To see her riding to hounds on a day, after an early cycling spin in the Phoenix Park, receiving guests at a large dinner in the evening, and dancing afterwards, it is hard indeed to believe that she was married in 1865! She is a keen cyclist, by the way, and particularly enjoys riding in the beautiful park when residing at the Viceregal Lodge—her summer home. Hunting is a passion with all the Cadogans, and Her Excellency is never dearer to the Irish heart than when going across country. She has a good seat, and is both a plucky and a successful rider.

Every race meeting of any consequence is attended by their Excellencies, and both are good judges of a horse—a fact appreciated by the Irish. But it is not only in the hunting field and the racetrack that Lady Cadogan is seen by the general public. She is always about in all but the worst weather in an open carriage, and is always in Grafton Street (the Dublin Bond Street) in a quite informal way. Both the Lord-Lieutenant and the Vicereine are regular attendants at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and are extremely fond of the service and music there. The Lord Primate of Ireland (Alexander) is a frequent visitor at the Castle, and is an intimate and valued friend.

No sketch of Lady Cadogan's occupations and influence in Ireland would be complete without reference to the amount of philanthropic work in which she has interested herself for the sake of the Irish people. Distressed Irish ladies, poor peasant women, and hospitals have alike found in her a true friend. She is always ready to open one of the numerous bazaars, attend a meeting, or publicly speak in a good cause, and it may be mentioned, *en passant*, that Lady Cadogan is a remarkably good speaker, knowing just what to say and how to say it. Rarely, if ever, in all these years has she given up performing a public duty through "indisposition" or any other cause.

A NEW KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK

One of the picturesque functions at which a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is called upon to preside is the investiture of a Knight Companion of the Order of St. Patrick. For the fifth time during the Viceroyalty of Lord Cadogan the National Order of Knighthood

assembled in Chapter to receive a new comrade into their ranks. The last similar function was when the Earl of Caledon was invested with the Order two years ago. The gap made in the list of Knights of the Order by his death had been filled by the Queen, who conferred the Order upon the Earl of Lucan. It is interesting to note that the four other Knights of St. Patrick invested by Lord Cadogan are Lord Iveagh, the Duke of York, Lord Roberts of Kandahar, and the Earl of Arran, the Duke of York



THE EARL OF LUCAN  
Invested as a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Patrick

and Lord Roberts being invested on the same occasion. The investiture of the Earl of Lucan was attended with a pomp and splendour as impressive and imposing as any previous ceremony in St. Patrick's Hall which certainly lends itself

to affairs of this kind. Over the crimson Chair of State hung the six Royal Standards, while the fourteen banners of the Knights created since the secularisation of the Order hung projected from the walls. The Chapter Table, covered in sky-blue cloth, extended down the hall in front of the Grand Master's seat. In the gallery over the Chair a corps of trumpeters was stationed, and the band of the Rifle Brigade occupied the gallery at the other end of the hall. After those invited had taken their seats, the Countess Cadogan's procession entered the Hall. She was preceded by two aides-de-camp and by Sir Gerald Dease, and was conducted to a seat on the right of the Chapter Table, the ladies who accompanied her taking their seats on either side of her. Then came the Lord-Lieutenant, as Grand Master of the Order, robed in an azure mantle, and wearing the collar and badge. He was attended by his Household, and was preceded by seven aides-de-camp, Sir Arthur Vicars, the Ulster King and Arms, two mace-bearers, and other officials. The Knights were then ceremoniously summoned, and thirteen appeared. The Chapter being complete, the preliminaries were quickly got through, and then the Lord-Lieutenant took a sword from an aide-de-camp and knighted the kneeling Earl, who immediately retired, while Lord Cadogan communicated to the Chapter the Queen's pleasure that Sir George, Earl of Lucan should be invested. The Earl of Arran and Lord Roberts, the junior Knights, went out and returned with the Knight, preceded by his banner, borne by the Marquess of Hamilton, and officers bearing his mantle, sword, and helm and crest. The statutory declaration was read by the Chancellor and signed by the Earl of Lucan, and two senior Knights, the Earls of Kenmare and Listowel, robed their new comrade. The investiture was complete, and a fanfare greeted the unfurling of the Earl's banner.

The new Knight of St. Patrick was born in 1830, and is the son of the famous Earl of Lucan who commanded the Cavalry Division in the Crimean War. He acted as Aide-de-Camp to his father in that campaign. The Earl of Lucan represented Mayo in the House of Commons from 1865 to 1874, and succeeded his father in 1888. He is now one of the representative Peers for Ireland.—Our portrait is by W. Bates, Chertsey.



THE CEREMONY IN ST. PATRICK'S HALL, DUBLIN CASTLE

THE INVESTITURE OF EARL LUCAN AS A KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF ST. PATRICK

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin



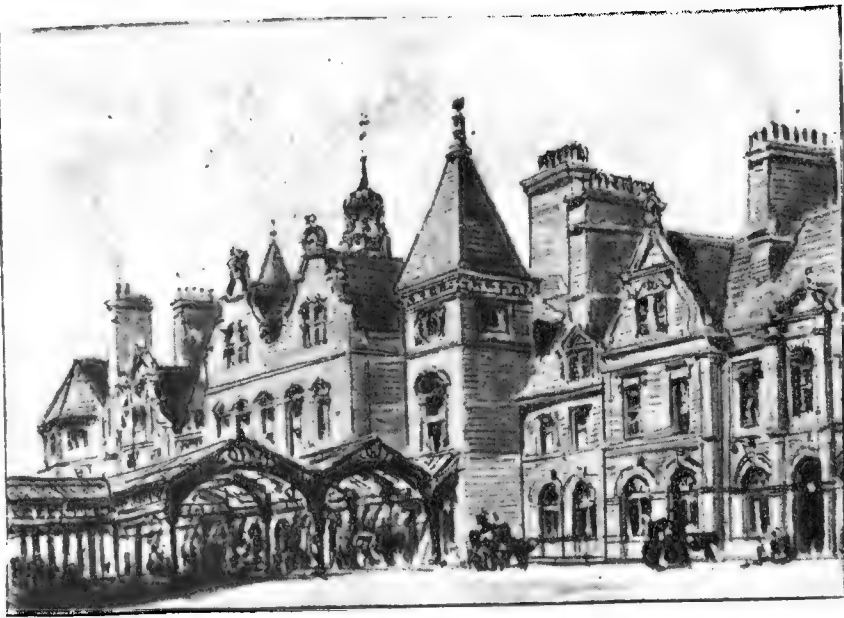


THE INTERIOR OF THE STATION: LOOKING SOUTH

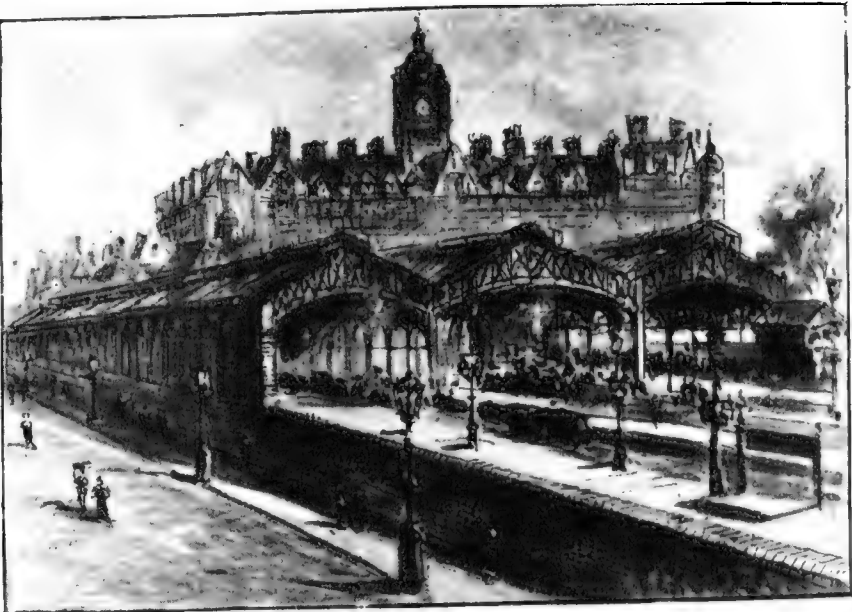
The Great Central Railway Company's London Extension

ON Thursday the London Extension of the Great Central Railway was opened for passenger traffic, and the old Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire system, from a provincial east and west line, takes its place amongst the great north and south trunk systems, giving what, under existing conditions, would appear to be the last important through route that can be added to the railway facilities of the metropolis. Coal traffic has been running over the line since July 25, and, but for misunderstandings with the Metropolitan Company, an even larger "heavy" business than that forwarded might have been dealt with.

The opening of this extension is the fulfilment of long-cherished hopes and projects which originated in the fertile brain of Sir Edward Watkin—cordially supported by his co-directors—who, as Chairman both of the old Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire, now the Great Central Company, and the Metropolitan Railways, saw in the southern extension of the one, and the northern prolongation of the other, an easy method of giving both systems the class of traffic of which they stood specially in need. This policy



THE FRONT OF THE STATION AND THE COVERED WAY TO THE HOTEL



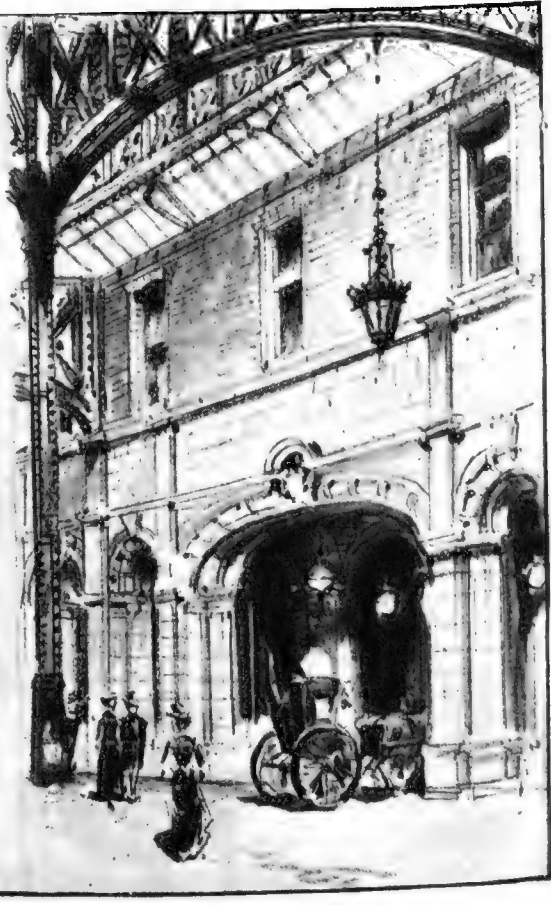
THE STATION AND HOTEL FROM THE NORTH



BOOKING HALL AND GENERAL WAITING-ROOM



GENERAL PLATFORM: LOOKING WEST



THE MAIN EXIT

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY: THE LONDON TERMINUS

DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER



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was steadily pursued in the face of all sorts of difficulties, and received the Royal Assent in March, 1893, after contests extending over several sessions, which take their place amongst the historic fights of the Committee Rooms at Westminster.

The methods by which the Great Central system was quietly extended southwards, to meet the gradual northward progress of the Metropolitan Company, is now ancient history, and we may take up the story at the point when the directors of the former company had, by a series of short lines, ostensibly merely meant to serve certain coal districts, reached Annesley in the rich Nottinghamshire coalfield, and, by the way, in the neighbourhood of Byron's Newstead estate. From this point the directors boldly announced their intention of securing an access to London independent of the Great Northern system, over which their southern traffic had hitherto been sent.

Beyond some heavy work at Nottingham, the extension to a junction with the Metropolitan system at Quainton Road presented few engineering difficulties, and on November 13, 1894, the "first sod" of the undertaking was turned by the Countess of Wharncliffe, wife of the Chairman of the Great Central Company, in a garden in the Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, under the most promising auspices, and except for troubles in connection with the engineering strike, the usual difficulties in obtaining possession of the land, and the "contingencies" for which allowance must always be made, experience has justified the hopeful anticipations formed as to the class of work to be met. The engineers selected for the carrying out of the extension were: For the northern section of the line, Mr. Edward Parry; and for the southern, Sir Douglas and Mr. Francis Fox; whilst the company's chief engineer, Mr. Rowlandson, has given unceasing attention to the work.

A glance at the accompanying map will show how the London Extension supplies the missing link with the Metropolis of the old east and west route, with Manchester as its headquarters, but with communications with Liverpool and other Lancashire centres, with Cheshire and North Wales on the one hand, and the Eastern counties on the other. Instead of having to hand over its north and south business—forming a large portion of its traffic—to other systems the company has now its own well-laid-out route.

On the London section the work has been of an interesting character from an engineering point of view, and has attracted wide attention from the important interests it attacked. First, the artistic world of St. John's Wood had to be pacified; then there was the national, it might almost be called the world-wide, indignation aroused by the threatened interference with Lord's Cricket Ground, and the enormous claims for compensation for the land required—for the fifty-five acres, with its 400 houses on the Eyre Estate, alone 300,000*l.* was paid. Money, however, can surmount most difficulties; Lord's Ground has been actually improved by the arrange-

ments made, and the artists disturbed have, no doubt, found equally suitable studios in other districts.

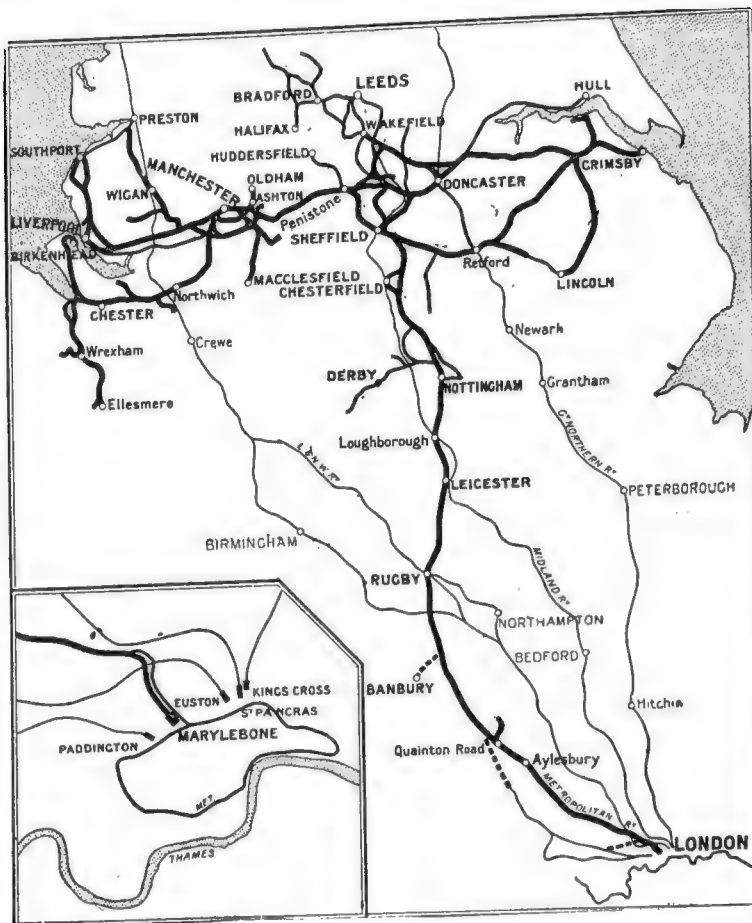
The London section commences at Willesden Green, and includes spacious sidings at Neasden, where the trucks for the goods and coal yards will be marshalled. By ingenious arrangements of

waggons in position. The goods yards are on a very extensive scale, and are provided with magnificent warehouses for the storage of goods. Hydraulic power and the electric light will be used freely throughout the yards, both being manufactured "on the premises."

To enable the company to close the public street over the large area of some 37 acres, forming the station sites, two wide public thoroughfares have been constructed and opened to the public, one of which runs east and west from Park Road to Lisson Grove, and the other north and south from the first-mentioned road to the Marylebone Road. The passenger station site, which has an area of about 9 acres, is situated south of the new road, and is 1,000 ft. long by about 435 ft. wide. Of this, 180 ft. in width will, for the present, be occupied by three platforms and five lines of way. Between the two arrival platforms is a spacious cab rank. There will be a promenade 100 ft. in width in front of the booking offices. The roofing is of a simple but thoroughly substantial character, the directors having throughout wisely abstained from any attempt at costliness. They have been saved the necessity for providing a handsome frontage on the Marylebone Road, leaving to an independent company the task of providing a Terminus Hotel.

One does not usually look for picturesqueness in a railway station. Yet there is certainly an attractive effect of grouping, and light and shade, about the buildings of the "Central Station" with which every eye must be pleased. This is especially the case with the glass-covered platforms. Perhaps it arises from the peculiar lightness of the ironwork, which has, with good judgment, been left to tell its own story as a pure piece of engineering work, instead of being converted into "sham architecture." This will be noticed in our sketches of the platforms looking south and west viewed from the bridge over which the new street is carried from Lisson Grove to Upper Gloucester Place. The new hotel and railway station form quite a pretty group of buildings, while the solid arches of the "cab exit" and the front of the station are good examples of solid, substantial architecture, not too ornate, but thoroughly suited to the purposes which they are intended to fulfil.

It may be taken as a broad general axiom that no great engineering work is ever carried out for the original estimates, especially where valuable freeholds have to be acquired, and the Great Central Company's London Extension is no exception to the rule. For the work a capital of 6,200,000*l.*, with the usual borrowing powers, was authorised by Parliament, and this was raised on advantageous terms, considering the circumstances of the company at the time. When the accounts are finally made up it will, however, probably be found that the London Extension has cost over 10,000,000*l.*, the difference between the actual and authorised totals having been secured by the issue of "Lloyd's bonds," which will have to be dealt with as occasion arises.



The thickest line shows the Great Central Railway, the thinner those railways over which the Company has running powers

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY AND ITS CONNECTIONS

turn-tables and the use of the telephone the trucks from Neasden will be sent down exactly as required, so that the company has been able to do with a much smaller portion of its costly terminus land than would have been possible except for the accommodation provided on the comparatively cheap land in this outlying suburb. The coal sidings at Marylebone will provide for upwards of 300

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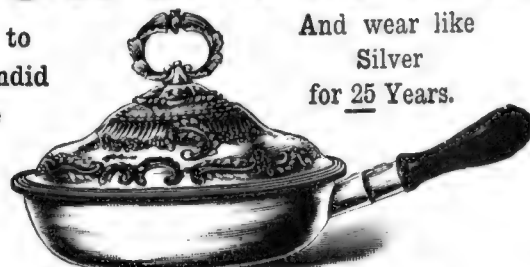
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## Two Noteworthy Campaigns

"MALABOCH; or, Notes from my Diary on the Boer Campaign of 1894," by Rev. Colin Rae (Sampson Low and Co.), will not commend itself to those who like to read of stirring fights and gallant deeds. The Malaboch Campaign seems to have been, from the author's account, an unpleasant walking tour in a rough country. There was no commissariat, little or no discipline, and, although the author talks glibly of the many actions, but little fighting. Many of the men were nearly hit, but escaped by the

help of Providence. A few men, however, were wounded, and a blanket was seriously damaged by a bullet. In the end Malaboch surrendered, and the troops made a gallant entry into Pretoria, where they were received with much rejoicing and an address of welcome.

Mr. A. Innes Shand has produced a valuable work on "The War in the Peninsula, 1808-1814" (Seeley and Co.). In a few pages he places us *au courant* of all the political ideas and moves that affected the campaign, a campaign which was the beginning of the downfall of Napoleon, and of a lasting peace in Europe. The author has taken immense pains to get at all the details necessary to make his book complete. From the time when Wellington landed in Portugal with his 9,000 men, to the surrender of Toulouse by Soult, he takes us through every engagement, through every battle. Each move of the different armies can be easily traced by the help of the good maps and plans. It has been said that the Peninsular War was like a huge game of chess; chess with Spain and Portugal for a board, and Wellington and Soult as players! The more one reads the more one can appreciate the genius and the perspicuity of our great general. The successful conclusion of the war was made still more difficult by the shilly-shallying and the stubborn pride of the Spanish politicians and generals. The want of cavalry, the difficulties of getting up supplies, and the immense superiority of the French in numbers and experience of war only added to the difficulties of the campaign and to the glory of the victories. Mr. Shand deserves great praise for this work which should add to the reputation he has already acquired by his "Life of Sir Edward Hamley."

## From China to Russia

ALTHOUGH many Englishmen have preceded him along his route from Peking to St. Petersburg—at a time, too, when three-quarters of the entire distance was not covered by the railway as it is now—and not a few have committed their impressions to print, Mr. Arnot Reid in "From Peking to St. Petersburg" (Edward Arnold) has succeeded in producing a most readable book, which appears opportunely at a time when every contribution to our knowledge of the rapidly changing conditions in the Far East are of especial value.

Starting from Peking at the end of last August, Mr. Arnot Reid passed the Great Wall at Kalgan, traversed the Desert of Gobi to Uрга, the capital of Mongolia, and travelled thence to Kiakhta, following the road along which Russian intercourse with China has been carried on for two hundred years. Turning westwards at Kiakhta, he crossed Lake Baikal to Irkutsk, where he reached the present eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. During a long residence in the Straits Settlements, the author has had ample opportunity for studying the Chinese character, and his remarks on the people of China and the future of their Empire are worthy of attention, but perhaps the most interesting part of his book is that dealing with the Trans-Siberian Railway, that colossal enterprise which is carrying Russian influence and power ever eastwards, and consolidating her Asiatic dominions. Mr. Arnot Reid passed over the whole line, travelling from Irkutsk to Moscow continuously, by rail, with the exception of ferries across the Oka and the Veneisei, where bridges have not yet been constructed. The distance is 3,260 miles, the journey lasts twelve days, and the fare

by second-class is only 6*l.* 10*s.* The railway is being pushed on rapidly—throughout last summer and autumn the rails were being laid at the rate of four miles a day—and although the estimated length has been increased by the change of the objective from Vladivostok to Port Arthur, it is expected that the whole line will be finished before 1905, the date originally fixed for its completion. When the railway is in thorough working order "From Calais to Peking in eighteen days" will be the traveller's time-bill, Mr. Arnot Reid says, "though," he adds significantly, "it will be impossible to add 'without changing carriages.' The Emperor Nicholas settled that once and for all when he fixed the Russian gauge at five feet."



CASINO TOILETTE

Of mauve mousseline de soie over pink mousseline. Jacket of Venetian guipure over pink cloth. Mauve waistband of silk. Neck bow of cream net. The toque, of pink and mauve tulle, has leaves of wired guipure and a twist of black velvet.



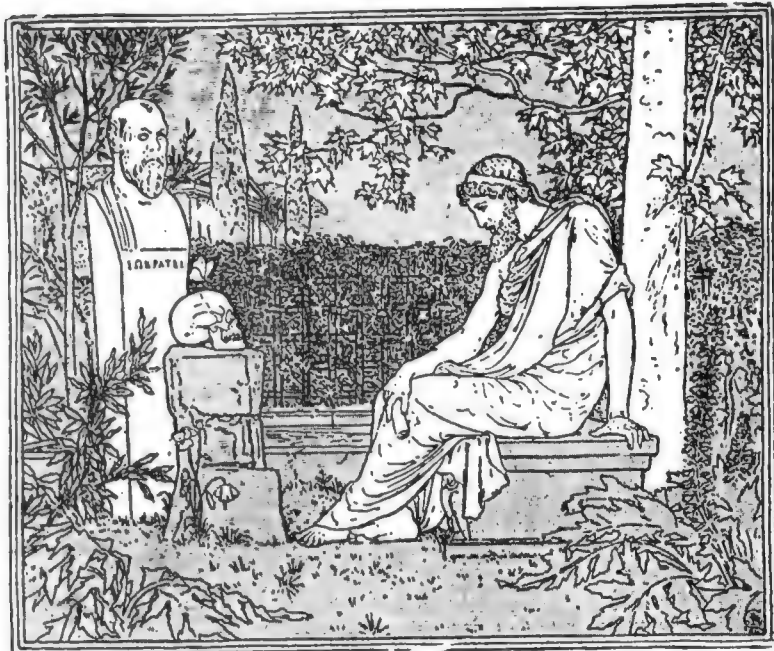
CASINO TOILETTE

Of white satin cloth, bordered chinchilla; revers and cuffs to match. Bolero of flame-coloured velvet, with jet sequins. Vest of flame-coloured silk muslin, decorated narrow black velvet. Hat of white chiffon and ribbon straw, with three orange and brown quills.

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

# HUMAN NOBLENES!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, a CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTIBLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTIBLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingsley.

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Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.  
WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

## MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE!!! SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE

is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTIBLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTIBLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year.'—Kingsley.

LESS THAN A FORTNIGHT MORE.

THE STORY OF  
A YEAR'S WORK.

# NOTICE OF DISCONTINUANCE.

March 23rd, 1898,  
to March 23rd, 1899

## THE SALE OF *The Times* REPRINT OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA AT THE PRESENT PRICES TO CEASE THIS MONTH.

In accordance with arrangements made by THE TIMES and by Messrs. A. & C. Black, Publishers of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, THE TIMES Reprint of the Ninth Edition has, for some time, been sold by THE TIMES at a reduction of 55 per cent. from the price originally named by the Publishers.

These arrangements will, on March 23rd (one year from the day on which THE TIMES Reprint was first offered to the public) cease to be operative; and the sale in Great Britain will be discontinued on that day. This early intimation is given so that readers who desire to procure a copy of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA on the present terms may send in their orders promptly. It will be impossible to accept belated applications, and if more orders are received than can be filled, those which first reach THE TIMES Office will have priority.

The results of the plan of sale adopted by THE TIMES have been gratifying in the highest degree. The 9th edition of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA was completed nearly ten years ago, and since that time a great number of persons have keenly desired to procure a copy of the work, but have been deterred by the consideration of its price. To them the opportunity presented by the issue of THE TIMES Reprint was a most welcome one. The reduction in price was not, indeed, the only facility they enjoyed. A novel plan of sale was adopted. THE TIMES sends the complete twenty-five volumes of the work to the purchaser upon receipt of only one guinea. He has the immediate use of the volumes, and the balance of the purchase money is paid in monthly instalments of one guinea each.

When THE TIMES first advertised a list of some 200 of the most successful and popular writers of the day, and described these men and women as contributors to the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, persons who had only seen the volumes standing on the



THE SPECIAL BOOKCASE.

shelves at a club or a library were amazed. The authors' names showed that the work itself must appeal to the interest of the general reader. The fact that it bore the title Encyclopædia was perhaps enough in itself to create a vague impression that it was not a readable work. There is something in the very sound of the word that repels the great majority—the people to whom art and literature and science are not the chief occupations of life, the people who have so many and so varied claims upon every hour of every day, that they are able to spend only a very small portion of their time in reading, and in thinking about what they have read. Yet it is to this very class of people that the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA is most useful.

A Supplement to the Ninth Edition is now in course of preparation, and will, as soon as possible, be offered for sale by THE TIMES. It is primarily designed for the benefit of purchasers of THE TIMES Reprint, and it will be supplied to them at a lower price than that at which it will be obtainable by the public at large.

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[The Cloth binding sold for £16 is of the same quality as that sold by the publishers at £37, and is as strong as a cloth binding can be. But it can be recommended only to purchasers who feel obliged to take the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA in that form or not at all. The size and weight of the volumes, and the permanent value of the work, alike call for a solid Half Morocco binding; and if the price of the Full Morocco is within the purchaser's means, it makes a splendid addition to the equipment of a handsome house.]

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# Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

THE Royal Commission, of which Lord Peel is the President, is expected to issue its recommendations almost immediately, and the report in question is awaited with anxiety, as it deals, amongst other matters, with the licensing of clubs. There can be no excuse for the legislature to interfere with the present condition of things in this regard. Earlier in the century West End men certainly drank to excess, and, even until quite recently, excessive drinking was by no means rare in the best-known London clubs. A wave of sobriety has since then swept over clubland, and heavy drinking is now very exceptional.

Every generation has its own peculiarities, and one of the characteristics of the men and women of the period is their anxious care to retain health. This, more than any other influence, has brought about the decrease in drinking which is so marked. Men and women now diet themselves rigorously, take plenty of exercise, undergo a variety of "treatments," undertake the most harassing "cures," endure, indeed, almost any discomfort for the purpose of maintaining or of regaining health. Ours is essentially the health-loving age. It is mainly due to this intelligent appreciation of the blessing of good health that our fellow-countrymen and women visit the Continent in their thousands twice a year, in the winter and in the spring.

The re-assembling of Parliament gives the signal for the elections to begin at most of the old-established clubs. Already much grumbling is to be heard because this or that candidate has been rejected for no obvious or legitimate cause. Election by selection is the only judicious method, and it is difficult to understand why it is not generally adopted. The system of selection avoids friction, it ensures that the most suitable candidates will always be elected with the least possible delay, and it encourages men to put their names down on the candidates' list. There seems, however, to be a strange prejudice in favour of the elective system; and there are many men who maintain openly that they support it because it provides an opportunity for mortifying those whom they personally dislike. This very argument is the best reason for abolishing the elective system.

The decision of the Government to compete with the National Telephone Company will be especially interesting to Civil Service men, for it carries with it the certainty that another vast department is to be organised. This means the creation of new posts, the promotion of old Civil servants, and employment for hundreds of clerks and operators. The appointment of some twenty or thirty first-class clerks to the new department will cause a flutter of excitement throughout the West End, from which most of these will probably be drawn.

It is generally felt that the Government, having undertaken the task, should be resolved to carry it out with thoroughness and in connection with other developments of modern life. As the Government wires are to be laid underground, this should provide an

opportunity for establishing those subways which have so long been talked about and have now become so necessary. Under every street there should be subways containing all the pipes and wires used for water, sewage, gas, electric, telegraphic and telephonic purposes. This would save millions of money in a short time, for the streets would not have to be torn up so frequently as they are.

An article which recently attracted much attention dealt with the curious collections which were distributed throughout the country. The writer omitted to mention a peculiarly interesting collection of shoes and slippers which a Mr. Roach Smith had in his possession in the early sixties. In this were the shoes of every celebrated lady who had figured at the Court of Charles II., as also specimens of boots of every period. It would be interesting to discover where the collection in question is now.

Monaco has a history quite apart from the gambling record of Monte Carlo, but few who visit this microscopic Principality are aware that it has. During the reign of the Grand Monarque, for instance, a Prince of Monaco married a de Grammont. This lady spent the greater part of her time at the French Court, where she became notorious for the multitude of lovers whose names were associated with her own. The Prince of Monaco took his revenge in a singular manner. As each successive lover was talked about, the Prince hung his effigy in the courtyard of the palace, and this was affixed a label bearing the name of the delinquent. The strange collection attracted crowds from far and near, and at last the King of France put a stop to the vagaries of the Princess, and induced the Prince to remove these embarrassing effigies.

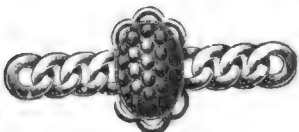
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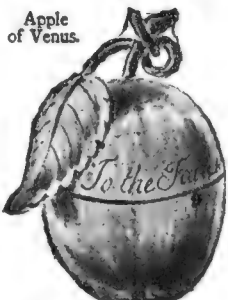
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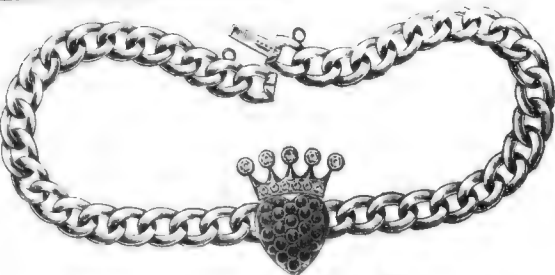


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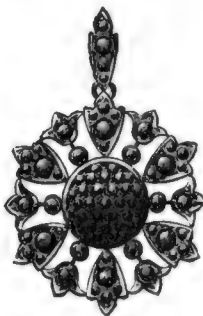
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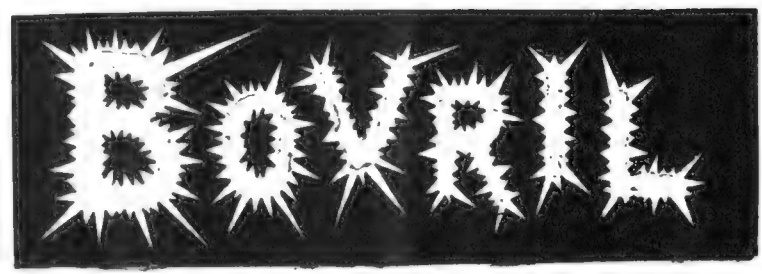
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# New Novels

"RUPERT ARMSTRONG"

O. SHAKESPEAR'S "Rupert Armstrong" (Harper and Brothers) is the exceedingly pathetic account of a painter of genius who, under his wife's influences, sacrificed his ideals to fame and fortune, and then when late in life he attempted to return to them, found that he was a man of genius no more—that his untruth to his higher self had thus taken its revenge. His daughter is supposed to tell his story; and very charmingly, indeed, it is told, and with the more point and effect from its not being diluted with any irrelevant love business. Of course, this is against tradition and convention; but the unconventionality of the story is among its charms. Indeed, it is all so good as to make its readers look forward with confidence to yet better work from the same pen—that is to say, with a little of the strength of touch which seems to be the one thing wanting.

"AN IDYLL OF THE DAWN"

How many people really remember their childhood—not its events and circumstances, but its feelings, its points of view, and all that makes a child one creature, and a "grown-up" quite another? Not very many we expect, or "grown-ups" in general would not be quite so stupid in relation to children as they mostly are. Among

the few who do remember, however, is pre-eminently to be counted Mrs. Fred Reynolds, whose "Idyll of the Dawn" (James Bowden) is a series of studies of life from the standpoint of a healthy-minded little girl. The views of "grown-ups" entertained, from observation and experience, by Dora and her sister and brothers are well worth an amount of serious attention. But, whether this be given or not, it will be conceded by everyone qualified, by his or her own memory, to give an opinion that a more delightfully true picture of child-life has never been given. That Mrs. Reynolds has drawn wholly upon her imagination is out of the question, and so it is all the more gratifying that the picture is an almost singularly happy one.

"THE PRIDE OF LIFE"

A very strange tale indeed is told by Sir William Magnay, Bart., under the title of "The Pride of Life" (Smith, Elder and Co.)—a title about as applicable to it as to the multiplication table. It is of an Earl of Arrandale, who, being under suspicion of murder, conceals himself as a quarryman on one of his own estates, letting himself be supposed dead—the only person who can clear him having lost his memory through an encounter with an African lion. That the Earl, after all, gains more than he loses, and what, and how, will, of course, be guessed by the least experienced of novel readers. But how he became cleared, so as to resume his station with a Countess whom he had won as plain Richard Pierce—nobody will be able to guess, and nobody but Sir William

Magnay himself shall be allowed to help them. His novel must be called amateurish, especially in respect of construction. Indeed, it is doubtful whether a skilled craftsman would have thought such a plot workable. But if all amateurs possessed his spirit and his unfailing good taste, in addition to his courage, we could well dispense with their inevitable want of skill. The incidents of the story will excite interest as well as stares.

"THE SECRET OF KYRIELS"

To keep a secret successfully for 386 out of 391 closely printed pages is a feat which has been accomplished by E. Nesbit in the above-named novel (Hurst and Blackett), and, of course, we shall not spoil the achievement by disclosure. Indeed, we are not sure that the secret is worth telling—but if it serves to keep the excited attention at full strain throughout all those pages, it is certainly well worth keeping. In a general way the novel may be described as composed of mysterious passages, hidden chambers, villains from the West Indies, life-long revenge, attempted murder, abductions, sensational escapes, and the like, all centring round a beautiful heroine for whom we cannot bring ourselves greatly to care. Indeed, the portraiture is almost as wild as the incidents, which seem to belong more properly to the middle ages than to these—though they could not well have been thrown back, seeing that bicycles and railway trains are essential to their bare possibility. As a story of action and passion, however, and, above all, of mystery, the interest of "The Secret of Kyriels" cannot be denied.

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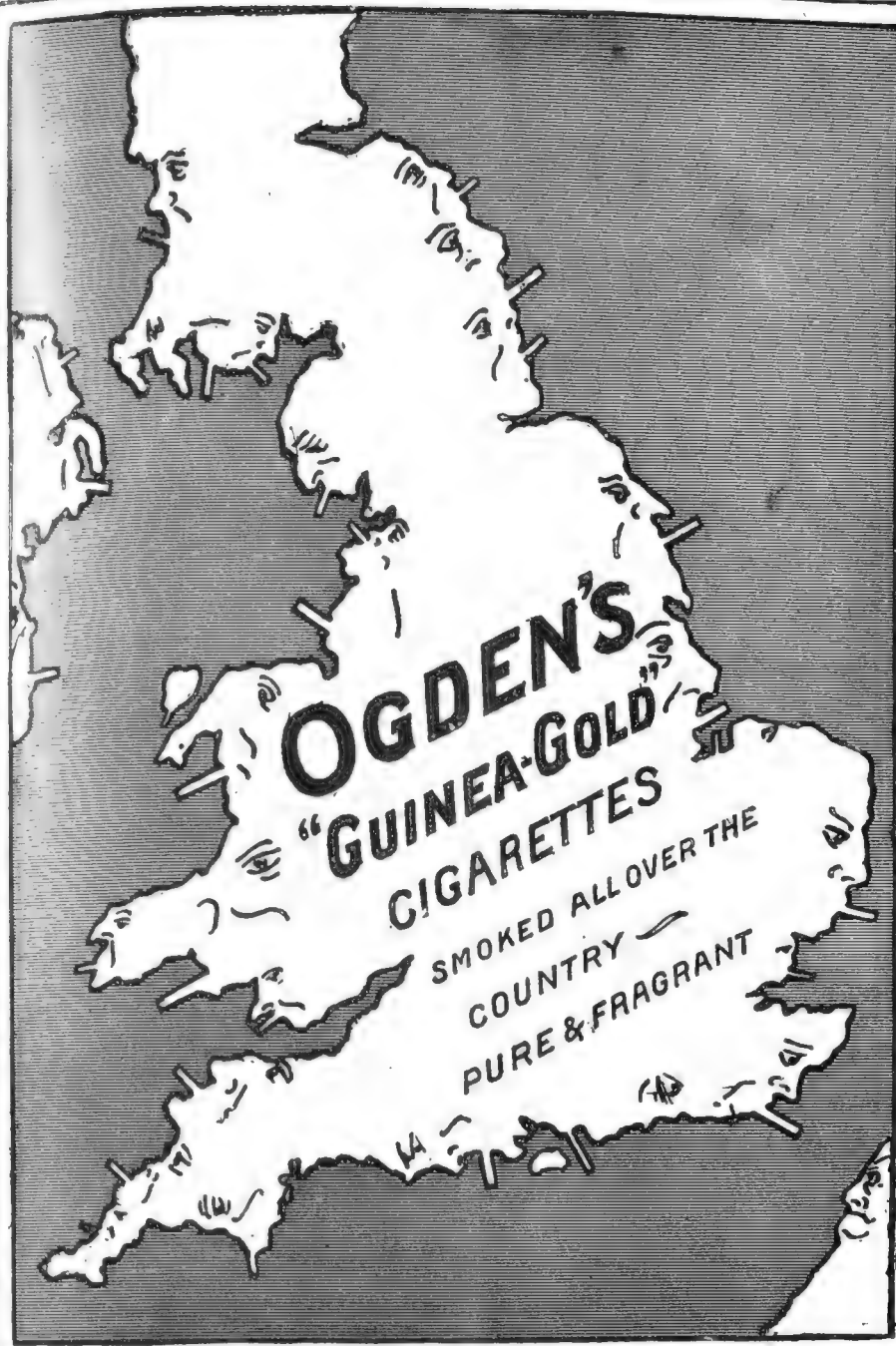
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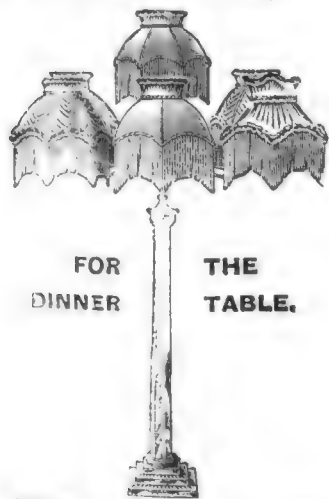
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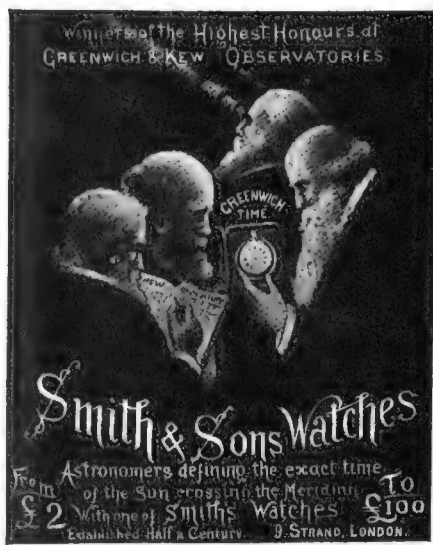
Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or mailed to any address on receipt of Price in Stamps, by—  
The J. B. WILLIAMS Co., 64, Great Russell Street, LONDON, W.C., or 161, Clarence Street, Sydney.  
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**LAMPS**  
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(CLARKE'S PATENT).



FOR THE  
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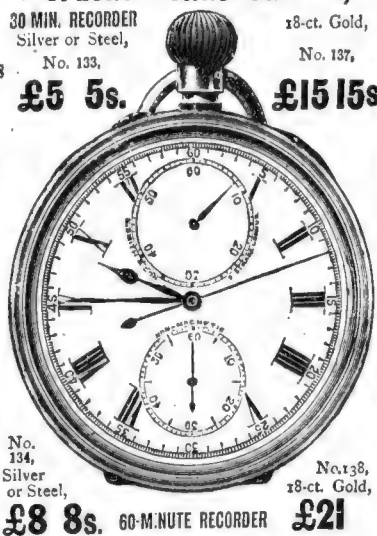


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**SPECIAL CHRONOGRAPH,**



**SPECIAL NOTICE.—RECORD TIME.**—With a Gold Revolving Escapement Chronometer Watch we have this year gained the highest distinction ever obtained at Kew Observatory, with 181 points out of a possible 100.  
Prize Medal Electrical Exhibition, 1892, for Non-Magnetisable Chronographs. Certificate and Warranty with every Watch. Old Watches and Jewellery taken in exchange. Postage Free at our own risk. Our "TREATISE ON WATCHES," just published, 160 pp., 400 illustrations, Second Edition, Free on Application.

**GOUT AND**  
**Rheumatism.**

The Dean of Carlisle writes—  
"SIR,— . . . I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for 25 years. I took LAVILLE'S medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.—I remain, yours truly,  
FRANCIS CROSE."

**DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR**  
(PERFECTLY HARMLESS)

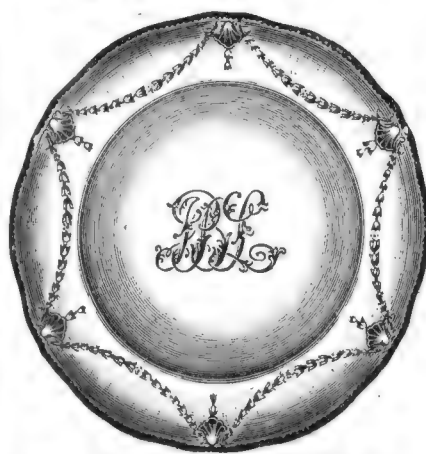
**IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR  
THE CURE OF GOUT & RHEUMATISM**

ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR  
TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists. Wholesale Depot, F. COMAR & SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Descriptive Pamphlet containing testimonials Post free on application.

**PHILLIPS'S**



THE LEEDS' DINNER SERVICE.  
For Twelve Persons, £3 8s. 0d.  
Six " " £1 15s. 6d.  
CRESTS OR MONOGRAMS, ANY COLOUR, EXTRA.

Her Majesty's Potters  
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Glass Manufacturers,  
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22,  
MOUNT STREET,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

**Wedding  
Presents**

BREAKFAST SETS.  
LUNCHEON SETS.  
DINNER SETS.  
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TEA SETS.  
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**LUXURIOUS  
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(ST. PETERSBURG)  
**DRY AND RICH**  
**KÜMMEL**  
**OF THE TZARS**  
A DELICIOUS LIQUEUR  
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Samples free from the Sole Agents—  
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Immediately Relieve

**ASTHMA, WHEEZING,  
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**

Chemists & Stores, box of 35, 2/6, or Post Free from WILCOX, 83, Mortimer St., London, W.  
**TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.**

**CALLARD & BOWSER'S**



**BUTTER-SCOTCH**  
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children).  
Really wholesome  
Confectionery.



## Rural Notes

### THE SEASON

WHEAT is full in plant, regular in growth, rich and good in colour in most of the English counties, and it is about a week earlier than usual, a pleasant and by no means precocious degree of forwardness. Barley-sowing is only just beginning to occupy farmers' attention, and will certainly be late. This is very much against either a large acreage or a subsequent large yield. Oats are being sown in the west, but scarcely anything has yet been done north of the Humber, and the low price making is against a good area being sown. Grass is bright and fresh, and the stock owner is not doing badly on the whole, especially as the lambings of the past fortnight have been generally more satisfactory than those of the previous three weeks. Mutton is low in price, but lamb sells

well, and beef is improving. Pork has not sold well this winter, but poultry has gone off briskly. In Cornwall, broccoli and other early vegetables are sadly disappointing this season, but farmers are sturdily setting to work to diminish this loss by a vigorous planting of early potatoes. The show of daffodils and other spring flowers in Cornish gardens is now very beautiful.

### JERSEY CATTLE

The English Jersey Cattle Society represent in their very title an important fact, viz., that a local breed of cattle, natives of an island much nearer to France than to our shores, has been completely acclimatised and adapted to the severer conditions of Great Britain. In their guide-book to the breed, the Society have the further advantage of discussing what is best treatment of the animals not in their native Jersey but on British shores. The Jerseys won their

way in England during the Seventies for their beauty, in the Eighties for their yield of butter. The Nineties have definitely established their position, so that the Society is able proudly to boast that "when live weight, period of lactation and dairy produce both in quality and quantity are taken into consideration, there is no cow which can compare with the Jersey as a butter cow." The Society win confidence by conceding that Jerseys do not pay to breed for beef. The yield of butter is an item of far greater profit, however, as the cow goes on yielding milk year after year. The most careful investigations of the leading societies have shown that butter can be made cheaper from Jersey cows than from those of any other breed. The only point on which we feel inclined to break a lance with the Society experts is when they ridicule the cry for uniformity in colour and quality which is raised by the local distributor, whether grocer, dairyman, or buyer for the stores.

## BEAUTIFUL SKIN

Hands and Hair Produced by

## Cuticura SOAP

The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world for the complexion, hands, and hair, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

## NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA'S THERMOMETERS.

**THE WINDOW-BRACKET THERMOMETER**

Enabling the observer to read from inside the House the Temperature outside.

Accurate Thermometers for all Purposes.

Thermometers for Sitting and Bed Rooms from 1/- each

REGISTERING MINIMUM THERMOMETER 3/6 EACH.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

**Negretti & Zambra**  
Scientific Instrument Makers to Her Majesty the Queen and British and Foreign Governments,  
**38, HOLBORN VIADUCT.**  
BRANCHES: 45, Cornhill, and 122, Regent Street.

£20

Hairstressers fitted. Estimates free.

Tobacconists commencing. Illd. Guide (269 pages) 3d. "How to Open a Cigar Store. £20 to £2,000." TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 181, Euston Road, London. 60 years' reputation. Mgr., H. MYERS.

## PIONEERS AT KLONDIKE



Miner. Say Bill I'll swap you  
"this nuggit for that tin of **PIONEER TOBACCO**.  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**THE RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LIVERPOOL.**

"Vinolia" is an  
emollient Soap for  
Sensitive Skins.

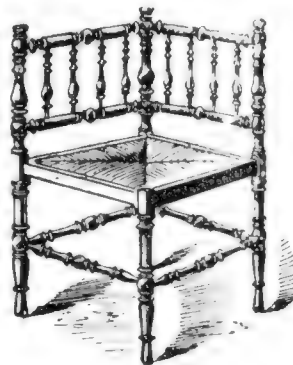


**FRANZ JOSEF WATER**  
THE BEST APERIENT WATER.

Recommended by Doctors especially for Constipation, Liver Troubles, Obesity, Gout & Rheumatism.

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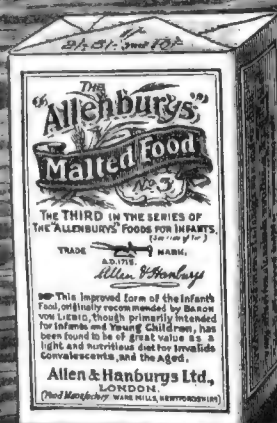
62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, & 79,  
**HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.**  
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and near Euston and Gower Street Stations);  
**61, GRAFTON STREET, DUBLIN;**  
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ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE.



GILT CORNER CHAIR,  
With Coloured Straw Seat, 19s. 6d.

**OLD JUDGE**  
**TOBACCO**

"Infants fed on this Food are neither fretful nor unquiet"



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A SUCCESSION OF FOODS

WHICH AFFORDS NOURISHMENT SUITED TO THE CHANGING DIGESTIVE POWERS FROM BIRTH UPWARDS

The "Allenburys' Milk Food No 1  
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specially adapted to the first three months of life.  
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hitherto known as "ALLEN & HANBURYS' MALTED FOOD," is adapted to, and has proved all that can be desired for Infants after five or six months of age.

Complete Foods,  
STERILIZED, and  
needing the addition  
of hot water only.

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**SIR JOHN BENNETT, LIMITED,**  
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**£10.**—In return for **£10 NOTE**, free and safe per post, a **LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH**, perfect in time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action. Air, damp, and dust tight.

**£25.**—A **STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 4-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH**, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat gold, with monogram richly embossed, free and safe per post.

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may be mastered by anyone in a few minutes. No dark room is required for changing the films.

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A marvel of compactness, simplicity and efficiency. Takes a picture 3½ x 2½ inches.

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New "Service" .455 Cal., for English Government Cartridge.  
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**COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO.**  
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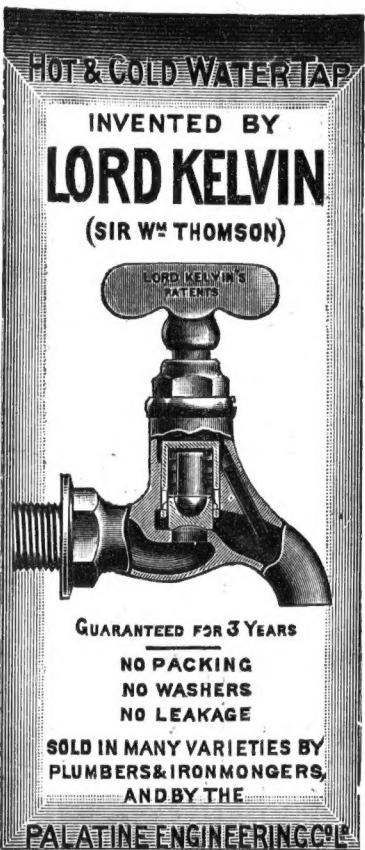
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**ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE.**

For 70 Years the Approved Dentifrice.

**HOT & COLD WATER TAP**  
INVENTED BY  
**LORD KELVIN**  
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**GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS**  
**NO PACKING**  
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**MELLIN'S FOOD**

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Before using any other preparation, apply for free sample.

**MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.**

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Made without trouble and in a few minutes by the new Rotary Hand Ice Machine

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Send a Post Card to the undersigned for List F 31,

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NINE ELMS IRON WORKS, LONDON, S.W.  
Machine can be seen in operation at the Show Room, 63, Queen Victoria Street, London.

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of Fine Quality, wanted, from **£5 to £10,000, for Cash.**

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ESTABLISHED 1772.

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**IRISH CAMBRIC**  
Children's Bordered, pr. doz. 1/3  
Ladies' " " " 2/3  
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**POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**  
Linen COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.

COLLARS.—Ladies' 3-fold, from 3/6 per doz.; Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. CUFFS.—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz. MATCHLESS SHIRTS.—Fine quality Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per half-doz. (to measure 2/- extra). OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with best material, in neckbands, cuffs, and fronts for 14/- the half-doz.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

**Nubian** IN BLACK AND BROWN.

**WATERPROOF BLACKING.** No brushing required.

ONE APPLICATION LASTS A MONTH IN ALL WEATHERS.

25 Years reputation—First Waterproof Blacking invented. Largest Sale in the World. Avoid imitations. Demand the original Nubian.

Milk Dressing for Dooskin, Buckskin, Canvas Shoes, &c., Ojo Harness Paste, Black and Brown; Metal Polish, Silver Plate Powder. Send for Circular.

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**"HURRAH!!"**  
I've got one of the **WORLD FAMED ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.**



Why don't you get one It radically cured me

It is unfailing in all cases of Nervous exhaustion, Debility, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and other nervous, muscular, and functional disorders.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET

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Testimonials Post Free 489 OXFORD ST. LONDON, W.

**Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa**

Of all Grocers, Confectioners, Chemists, &c., in 6d., 9d., 1/6, & 3/- Tins.

**Warms and Exhilarates**

This exquisite Cocoa ministers to the natural heat of the body, and thus counteracts the often dangerous effect of cold. It warms, nourishes, stimulates, and sustains the whole system—a natural result of the carefully devised scientific processes adopted in its manufacture, whereby all the nutritious properties of well-selected Cocoa beans are retained, and all the unwholesome substances eliminated. From a single quarter-pound tin costing 9d. only, no less than thirty full breakfast cups can be obtained.



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**MARIANI WINE** Quickly Restores  
HEALTH, STRENGTH,  
ENERGY & VITALITY.

**MARIANI WINE**  
FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS,  
STIMULATES & REFRESHES  
THE BODY & BRAIN.

HASTENS  
CONVALESCENCE  
especially after  
**INFLUENZA.**

His Holiness  
**THE POPE**

writes that he has  
fully appreciated the  
beneficent effects of  
this Tonic Wine and  
has forwarded to Mr.  
Mariani as a token of  
his gratitude a gold  
medal bearing his au-  
gust effigy.



## MARIANI WINE

is delivered free to all parts of the United Kingdom by **WILCOX & CO.**,  
83, Mortimer Street, London, W., price 4/- per Single Bottle, 22/6 half-  
dozen, 45/- dozen, and is sold by Chemists and Stores.

## ALL WHO DESIRE TO HAVE SOFT VELVETY SKIN

CAN OBTAIN IT  
BY USING

Regd **Lait**  
**Larola**  
(BEETHAM'S IMPROVED GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER)

IT IS  
A DELIGHTFUL

## SKIN TONIC AS WELL AS AN EMOLLIENT MILK.

IT REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c,  
and is *Invaluable for the Toilet and Nursery.*

The bottles of "LAROLA" are CONSIDERABLY LARGER than those of the "Glycerine and Cucumber," the 1/- size being nearly as large as the 1/9 of the old preparation. M. Beetham and Son therefore trust that the public will in future ask for "LAROLA" instead of "Glycerine and Cucumber," as they will then get the benefit of the LARGER QUANTITY, and will also be protected against having inferior articles substituted for "BEETHAM'S."

Bottles 6d. (post free 8d.), 1/-, 1/9 & 2/6 each, post free in United King'dm.  
Sole Makers: **M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.**

## FLORILINE

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH  
Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the  
World.

Prevents the Decay of the TEETH.  
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout  
the World. 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

**FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER,**  
In Glass Jars. Price 1s.



For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.

**Lanoline Toilet Soap**

Wholesale Depot: -67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

### LANOLINE

Toilet Preparations

### LANOLINE

from all Chemists.

For Delicate and Sensitive Skins.

Wholesale Depot: -67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

## A Toilet Powder FOR THE COMPLEXION,

ALSO FOR  
THE NURSERY,  
ROUGHNESS  
OF THE  
SKIN, AFTER  
SHAVING,  
&c.

**POUDRE D'AMOUR,**  
Prepared by Picard Freres, Paris.  
Hygienic and prepared with Pure and Harmless materials.  
PRICE 1s.  
IN THREE TINTS: Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel.  
To be had of Chemists, Perfumers, &c.  
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**HOVENDEN'S EASY**

### HAIR CURLER

PRICE 6/- PER BOX

Wholesale: **HOVENDEN & SONS**, 30-33, Berners St., W., and 87-95, City Rd., E.C., London.

They will not entangle or break the hair  
are effective, and require no skill to use.  
Each Curler being made in one piece, they  
cannot get out of order.

The quickest, cheapest, and most simple  
Curlers extant.

Made in Five Colours to match the Hair.

12 Curlers in Box, price 6d., or  
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Of Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.  
Beware of Imitations.

## OLD JUDGE TOBACCO

## Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER  
Is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all im-  
purities from whatever cause arising. In cases  
of Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs,  
Blackheads, Pimples, Boils, Humours, and  
Diseases of the Blood and Skin, and Sores  
of all kinds its effects are marvellous.  
Thousands of Testimonials.  
Sold by all Chemists, price 2s. 9d. per bottle.

## ASTHMA CURE GRIMAUD'S INDIAN CIGARETTES

Difficulty in expectoration, Asthma, Catarrh,  
Nervous Coughs, Sleeplessness and Oppression im-  
mediately relieved by these CIGARETTES. All  
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NON-MERCURIAL.

Universally admitted to be the BEST and  
SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING  
SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c.

Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d.

SIX GOLD MEDALS

NO  
MORE  
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from this  
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thousand francs,  
gold and silver  
medals, and ad-  
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lars gratis and  
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DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES FRANCE.

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In the Chancery  
Division recently, Mr.  
Justice Chitty, on the  
**THEY**  
application of Mr  
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injunction, with costs,  
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**HINDE'S**  
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Curlers and represent-  
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**HINDE'S Ltd.**, Manufacturers of Curlers and Articles  
of the Toilet.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield,  
Sir Morell Mackenzie,  
Oliver Wendell Holmes,  
Miss Emily Faithful,  
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,

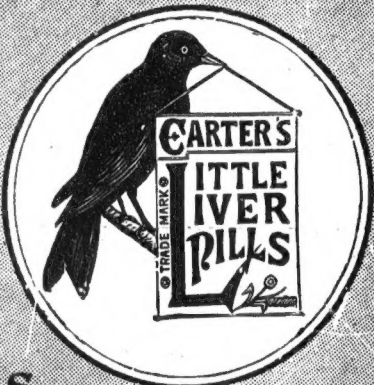
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the  
remarkable efficacy of

## HIMROD'S CURE OF ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century.  
Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout  
the world. It is used as an inhalation and without  
any after bad effects.  
A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by  
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Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Son, May,  
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Roberts & Co., Butler and Crispie, John Thompson,  
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## Carter's Little Liver Pills

1s. 1 1/2d.  
at Chemists.



Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,  
Bilious Headache.

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not  
enough to ask for "Little Liver Pills"; CARTER'S is the important  
word, and should be observed on the outside wrapper, otherwise  
the pills within cannot be genuine.  
Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered.  
But be sure they are CARTER'S.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE GRAPHIC, MARCH 11, 1899



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**The Most Popular  
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